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AUGUST, 1940 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6



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AFTER READING THIS ARTICLE, YOU COULD DO WORSE THAN GET OUT YOUR POLICIES AND HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT THEM



RACKETS IN INSURANCE

STOWED away in tin boxes, bureau drawers and safe deposit vaults all over the country are hundreds of thousands of insurance policies; premiums on them met, in many cases, only by great personal hardship and sacrifice. But, to the policy holders, it is worth the sacrifice—the policies represent a degree of security after they are gone.

So far, so good. But the appalling fact is that a cruel percentage of these carefully treasured documents are scarcely worth the paper they are written on. They are cold-blooded gyps.

More sinister still, these spurious policies look like authentic ones—they have the same crinkly paper, the same elaborate engraving, similar legal-sounding text; they bear a name that sounds like an insurance company; the com-

pany's representative had the regular insurance-salesman's lingo. The great difference is that these policies are virtually worthless, while those of reputable companies are not.

But this, you say, is shocking. It is indeed shocking. Moreover, you insist, it is impossible. Our state has an Insurance Commission. We have rigid state laws governing such matters. Insurance companies are required to maintain adequate reserves; their affairs are closely supervised. Chicanery would be impossible.

But it isn't so impossible as we like to think. Every other month an obscure newspaper paragraph records that one or more of these companies has been barred from the mails or prosecuted for mail fraud.

On April 6, 1939, Judge Daw-

kins, in Federal Court at Shreveport, Louisiana, sentenced four men to penitentiary terms for mail fraud. It was charged that they either promoted or were identified with *fifteen* bootleg insurance companies which defrauded some 55,-000 persons. Their case is now on appeal.

John M. Minnec of Berwyn, Illinois, was sentenced to four years in Leavenworth for operating the Lincoln Mutual Aid Association and the Cosmopolitan Mutual Benefit Association which had 30,000 "policy holders." The records of the case indicate that Minnec actually settled some claims—at an average of \$16 each.

Angus C. Littlejohn was another. Angus, through two companies, collected more than \$2,000,000 in "premiums" and paid out 20 per cent in "benefits." Convicted and sentenced to eight years in Leavenworth, Littlejohn committed suicide.

Texas is typical of some states. Reliable estimates placed the number of assessment policy holders at 600,000 in more than 150 Texas companies, some of which settled claims for as little as \$2.96 on a \$1,000 policy. One company paid sixty-one death claims for less than fifty cents on the dollar, and when the going got too tough the com-

panies folded or were dissolved by the Insurance Commissioner.

Last year a law was passed which will have the effect of correcting some of these abuses, but Texas is still defenseless against the companies located in other states whose policies infiltrate into every state, as these instances show:

A widow in Pennsylvania presented a claim on a \$500 policy left by her husband. After a delay of several months the company mailed her a check explaining that when the policy had been taken out her husband had belonged to a group of several thousand members but in the course of yearsduring which all dues and assessments had been faithfully paidthe number had shrunk to twenty. The company had succeeded in collecting one dollar each from eighteen of these, but the cost of collection had amounted to twelve dollars and the check they sent her was for six dollars!

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Under the same system of gypping, a southern widow collected \$8.56 in full settlement of a \$1,000 claim, and the list of such examples could easily be expanded to cover the next ten pages.

What class of people are hit hardest? WPA's; oldsters who cannot obtain insurance in legitimate companies; the poor, who buy this "bargain insurance" because they cannot afford to pay the rates charged by standard companies; and depression-hit holders of lapsed policies who think they see salvation for their dependents in "insurance" at depression prices.

Nor is life insurance the only field of gyp operations. They also offer accident, hospitalization, burglary and hold-up; any form of insurance that will bring them the dollars.

A Tacoma woman "insured" in a Missouri company broke two bones and dislocated her wrist. According to her policy she thought she should have received \$75 for the two fractures and \$25 for the dislocation. But the company "was pleased to enclose a draft for \$2 in full settlement." Sue? Yes, she can, provided she travels from the state of Washington to Missouri and brings her witnesses with her.

Another policy holder submitted medical proof that he had been confined to a hospital. The company replied that he would have to suffer "total disability necessitating house confinement for fifteen days." Although the man had spent a longer time on a hospital bed, he couldn't collect under his policy because he possibly could move one finger or open

and shut his eyes and so was not "totally disabled."

It is by such trickery that the companies refuse to pay claims and otherwise cheat and defraud their policy holders. Because some of them do not sell their phony policies to the inhabitants of the state in which they maintain their office, they are immune to state prosecution, as this letter from the Commissioner of Insurance of Wisconsin shows:

"About March, 1936 we learned that one George W. Crouch, 138 West Gorham Street, Madison, was operating from that address the Federal Life & Benefit Association. No license had been granted to the individual or the association.

"We filed complaint with our district attorney and investigation disclosed that Mr. Crouch had been operating the society since October, 1935. He was careful not to write certificates in this state. We realized that we might have some difficulty in securing a conviction in court and in September of 1936 we stipulated that we would not press our complaint upon Mr. Crouch's agreement to discontinue any activities in Wisconsin."

So what did Mr. Crouch do then? He went to Wilmington,

Delaware, obtained a license for his Federal Life & Benefit Association and started advertising:

\$1,000 LIFE POLICY—ISSUED FOR 30 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

Covers entire family, ages 1 to 75 years for low cost of one. No medical exam. Reliable company under supervision of State Insurance Department. Write now. Be protected. Send no money.

The company is still in existence and seems to be doing very well for itself under Delaware laws.

So, despite our insurance laws, such companies are operating widely via the mails in practically every state, and their annual swag runs into millions of dollars. It may be a long time before all these potential "beneficiaries" know what they should know today, that their policies are bootleg and like all bootleg products their chief value is their appearance.

But the question of how these insurance companies operate still arises. If our insurance laws are so strict, how do they get away with it? The answer is, of course, that there are numerous loopholes in some of these laws, through which the rats of the insurance business can easily squirm. For example: State insurance laws of most states provide that insurance companies operating within that state must com-

ply with certain requirements. But the insurance gyps insolently ignore the law and peddle their fake products by mail. They get away with it until the state or government prosecutes. If the state authorities get around to prosecuting, they find that the company is incorporated in another state—and that the crooks cannot be extradited to be tried by the state whose citizens have been defrauded. State-to-state extradition is confined to felonies. This offense is merely a misdemeanor.

The only permanent solution is a federal law. Yet the recent insurance hullabaloo in Washington seemingly ignored the subject of "bootleg" insurance altogether. Congress could pass a simple restrictive law, and five years ago it did make a stab at it. Legislation was introduced in 1935 to make it a federal offense for any company to solicit insurance by mail from the citizens of any other state unless it had complied with the insurance laws of that state. But when the passage of the bill appeared imminent, powerful lobbies and lawyers converged on Washington and in one way or another it was successfully sidetracked. So the gyps defy the laws of all states, just so long as they are incorporated somewhere else!

And of course there is sometimes that other loophole: simple laxity or corruption of the authorities. In Colorado, the State Insurance Commissioner resigned last year under fire on the same day that an investigating committee started an inquiry into charges that he permitted gyp insurance companies to operate. Insurance men state that out of approximately 180 chartered insurance companies in Colorado, about thirty were of the gyp variety. Another state, in the Great Lakes country, at one time had forty-three such companies under its wing.

There is still another loophole. Burial societies have long been popular in the South and Southwest. These societies are usually exempt from the provisions of the general insurance laws of the state.

That exemption is a special invitation to the gyp. Professional promoters rapidly form "burial societies" which collect dues from the needy and ignorant, give a few cheap funerals when necessary and pocket huge profits. But when the promoter finds that his collections are in danger of being equalled by expenses of funeral costs, he corrals all the money he can, leaves that community and sets up his racket elsewhere.

A lure that attracts the suckers

in droves-and which is almost a sure sign of a gyp-is the offer to "waive" the medical examination for "straight" insurance policies. Actually, this is merely a slick trick. The very omission of the medical examination paves the way for the gyp to squirm out of paying the death claim when the time comes. When you voluntarily waive your medical examination, you practically waive your chances of ever collecting your claim. Unless there is a medical examination there is no way to prove that the insured was free from the many diseases which, you discover in the fine print (if you bother to read it, which of course practically no policy holders ever do while under the spell of the salesman) reduce the value of the policy four-fifths.

And you may count on it, the fine print will be there, and if it is a gyp policy, the trick clauses will be in it. Trick clauses are the main event in the gyp insurance company's repertoire. They serve to nullify all the apparently attractive features. About all the diseases which take human life are listed in fine print with the stipulation that if any are "contracted"—who can tell when a cancer was contracted?—within two years the sum to be paid shall be one-fifth

the amount otherwise payable.

"Principal sum" and "maximum benefit" are among the most popular trick phrases of the gyp. A thousand dollars is a lot of money to a poor widow and it looks fine at the top of an insurance policy, but the fine print beneath frequently reduces this "principal sum" to a pittance—in some cases not enough to cover the premiums on the policy.

Of course it is hoped that some day adequate laws with teeth in them will be passed against these rackets and that they will be courageously enforced. But the law moves slowly and clumsily; that approach will take time—meanwhile the insurance gyps go on.

Fortunately, there is one way in

which such rackets can be greatly hampered, if not actually starved to death. And that is to get every prospective purchaser of insurance to find out whether or not the company which offers him insurance of any kind is licensed to deal in insurance in the state in which he lives. And if the agent is not an acquaintance of years standing in the community, don't take his word for it; go to headquarters.

That is important enough to bear repeating: when offered insurance, find out whether or not the company is licensed to deal in insurance in the state in which you live. Remember that, and you'll probably never fall prey to the gyp insurance company.

—Frank W. Brock

SQUIRREL CAGE IMPERIALISM

When Pyrrhus was about to sail for Italy, Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his intentions and expectations.

"To conquer Rome," said Pyrrhus.

"And what will you do next, my lord?"

"Next I will conquer Italy."

"And after that?"

"We will subdue Carthage,

Macedonia, all Africa, and all Greece."

"And when we have conquered all we can, what shall we do?"

"Do? Why, then we will sit down and spend our time in peace and comfort."

"Ah, my lord," said the wise Cineas, "what prevents our being in peace and comfort now?"

-J. MACK WILLIAMS

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The planet earth is inhabited by dumb animals—and man. Man writes books on animal behavior—but occasionally there is a story which, if included in such a book, might interfere with several weighty theories. Presented here are a few of these disconcerting stories.

NOT OF OUR SPECIES

What caused three English sparrows to follow two human beings for 9,000 miles would be quite a mystery —if it weren't also necessary to explain how they did it.

The sparrow family became friends of Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. C. M. Holton, U.S.N., when they were living in Kansas City. From Kansas City the birds followed the couple to San Francisco. During the daytime they flew behind the train. At night they apparently rode on the car roof, directly above the Holton's compartment.

From San Francisco the Holtons sailed for Shanghai. The birds saw them off, turning back at the Golden Gate. Yet weeks later, the three sparrows arrived in Shanghai, found the Holtons, and chirped outside their window.

The identification of the birds was positive. The witnesses are of the highest calibre. There is no loophole. And there are almost 7000 miles of water between San Francisco and Shanghai.

The whole thing is as impossible as truth.



JUST WHICH one of the Springhill, North Carolina, beavers first decided on modernization will never be known. But some beaver brain must have quickened when its owner chanced to see a roll of wire which had been left overnight near a fence-building job.

In the morning the wire was gone.

It had been carefully unrolled and skillfully woven into a beaver dam. After that no wire could be left unprotected.



THE TROUBLE began when heavy rains turned a penguin road into a mire. The road, built by a colony of blackfoot penguins, led from their nests to the water, and was used daily. After the rain, a section of the path became so slippery that many a penguin left sitzmarks.

Following a conference, penguin engineers solved the problem. Using their beaks, they dug a series of grooves across the path, producing a corduroy effect. This served both to drain the path and give it a non-skid surface.

In man they call it reasoning.



As THE first edition of the World War was ending, a lion cub was born in an itinerant circus. The cub, named Tawny, was adopted by a Los Angeles housewife who wanted to test a theory about kindness to animals. To the day of his death Tawny lived the life of a house pet, never discovering that lions are fierce jungle creatures.

For 22 years Tawny's home was a backyard. His housewife mistress cut his toe nails, trimmed his mane, fed him from a skillet. She said he was considerably more gentle than a dog.

Throughout those 22 years there was an almost constant clamor about keeping a lion in the backyard, a steady outcry for the skin of the lion who would not be fierce. In February, 1940—just as the species which said he must be fierce was starting to fight again—Tawny died.

He died quietly, apparently without fear. He had never been afraid. He had never seen a jungle. He had never eaten raw meat. He had never fought. He had had no chance to learn how a lion should act.



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THERE IS a spot just outside Albert Payson Terhune's study which was once the favorite resting place of a dog named Rex. The dog is dead now—at least so far as human records go. Yet another dog will not cross the spot where Rex used to lie, but detours carefully around it.

Once a visitor interrupted a conversation with Terhune to describe the face of a dog which had been looking through a window behind Terhune. There was a peculiar scar on the dog's face.

The scar-faced dog was Rex—but Rex was dead. The visitor had never seen him when he was alive nor heard Terhune speak of him.

Why human beings must maintain that they are unique—even to their monopoly on ghosts—is itself something of a mystery.

-J. WARREN MARTIN

KENNY BAKER VIOLENTLY DISPUTES THE THEORY THAT A SINGER HAS TO BE A SISSY AND A SAP



IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE A TENOR

In the realms of radio singing, two ratings are most carefully watched. One of these lists singers of "popular" music, the other, singers of "classical." Occasionally there arises a brave soul who contends that classical music can be popular, and vice versa, but at this stage of the development of taste among radio listeners such a combination seems as absurd as did the possibility of combination between Russia and Germany in 1937.

At the top of the popular listing, since time immemorial—which, in radio, amounts to several years—stands an immovable entity known as Bing Crosby. Across the way, in the number one spot on the classical heap, may be found the blonde persuader, Nelson Eddy. But every once in a while, as if by typographical error, the

name of NelsonEddy appears somewhere near the base of the list of popular singers, even while the real and genuine Eddy continues to preside over the classicals.

The young man of our story, Mr. Kenny Baker, believes that this is no typographical error. He has been watching "them there" columns ever since he was a truck driver getting his pitch from the tires on the road, and in the last few years he has had the pleasure of watching the name of Kenny Baker climb up on Mr. Bing Crosby's hill until quite often it seems to be nosing up from second place, sniffing the air on the peak. But what Mr. Baker is really curious about is the air over there in that classical country. If Nelson Eddy can be in two columns at once, so, thinks Kenny, can Kenny Baker. Only, he guesses it would

be rather uncomfortable standing on two widely different levels, one leg up and the other leg down, so his idea is to stride both peaks.

That's why he spends eight hours a day in his little practice-house on Hollywood's Ventura Boulevard, only going home to his estate on the hilltop like any other man after a full day's labor, instead of loafing, as do lots of warblers that might be mentioned. The little house is on the main highway, the Frisco-bound trucks rumble by, and Kenny can tune himself to the old familiar rhythm of the road.

Generally speaking, popular singers don't practice. Indeed, the Bible of the business, How to Sing for Money by Charles Henderson, advises would-be popular successes to avoid study with all the fervor of a Huck Finn. The acquisition of the slightest amount of knowledge about music has ruined many a radio "natural."

Baker, however, is going on the theory that something more than a slight amount of knowledge, say a great amount of the stuff, will prolong his career. So he studies in foreign tongues, in the classic manner of opera aspirants, though, in truck-driver parlance, he thinks opera stinks. On the stage, that is to say. Some pieces out of operas

are okay when listened to, if they don't have to be looked at. Furthermore, Mr. Baker is studying piano, having long ago mastered the violin. Between languages, harmony, composition, piano, and voice-practice, the lad has little time left for the temperamental shenanigans that are the mark of the traditional tenor.

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It's bad enough to be a tenor, he says, without acting like one. For Kenny has, from his youth, encountered the common and not too complimentary conception of the professional singer: a singer is supposed to be (a) a sissy, (b) a sap. And he has encountered enough of the wrong kind of singers to realize where that reputation came from, and what keeps it alive.

But lest other members of a profession notoriously high in jealousy-quotient, and well knived, should slink up Ventura Boulevard some dark night in search of Baker's tonsils, it must be said that the lad has more than his share of respect for sincere competitors. And "one of my best friends is a tenor," he declares.

What he's against is the operatic variety of tenor who has given the cursed reputation to any male who dares vibrate a vocal cord. The eccentric lads who gargle in the wings after every aria, and who never open their mouths in the open air, for fear of colds and contagions, are not in favor with Kenny Baker. In fact, he has cut out and framed an article which appeared in *Esquire* a few seasons ago, kidding the lace pants off this variety of warbler.

And his favorite story is about the café in Italy, which was the favorite rendezvous of ye olde Signor Tenor. The place was right around the corner from the opera house, and was especially thick with warblers just before curtain time, for it had a tradition. The tradition took the form of a mosaic of a bull, imbedded in the café floor. Evidence of the bull's virility was particularly graphic. Tradition had it that a tenor must step upon this evidence, before his performance, in order to insure himself against voice cracking during his act. Generations of tenors have worn quite a dent in the floor, at that point.

But Kenny Baker doesn't need Italy, nor any bulls on the barroom floor. He has the practical American approach, as against the superstition of the old world. Characteristic of this approach is his latest hobby, which may explain to the old world tenors why the California youth depends neither on bulls nor roosters. Kenny has a scientific quirk, and is determined that certain things can be controlled via glandular hormones. Right now, for instance, he is interested in the rate of eggproduction. He is investing in a number of hens, and the experimental injection of hormones to cause them to lay more eggs.

This venture supplants a recent flurry into chemiculture—the new trick of growing plants without soil. Kenny grew one artificial tomato, and gave up when he ran out of litmus paper. Lest the egg and tomato tricks should suggest that this singer exhibits a farmboy's longing to be back on the soil, it might be stated here that Mr. Baker is the son of a furniture dealer of Long Beach, and that he always wanted a career as a singer, and got into it, following a short few years of truck driving and other labors, by winning a contest which placed him on the Jack Benny program.

Though the lad has no desire to study in Italy, where one may touch the bull-mosaic and the hearthstone of opera, he has nevertheless been over on the other side and has, in an odd way, demonstrated the ascendancy of American singing. Some two years ago the D'Oyly Carte Company,

which owns the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was about to film the Mikado. Now it must be remembered that Gilbert and Sullivan is a sacred institution, in England. Indeed the Savoyard cult extends widely through the United States. Players in the D'Oyly Carte Company spend their lives elaborating some of the roles in the operettas. Every Englishman has his firmly established ideas as to the interpretation of these roles, and the manner may not be varied, any more than the shape of the old school's top hat.

When it came to casting the young prince, Nanki-Poo, for the film, the opera company found itself in a most unfortunate dilemma. Though there were men who had been singing the boy for ten or twenty years, having risen to the role, rung by rung, up the ladder of seniority, there was not one of them who could hope to face the camera as a male under forty.

In all the British Isles there was not a young singer expert enough, or an expert singer young enough, to play the wandering minstrel boy. Then someone heard a good voice on an American radio broadcast, evidently a trained voice too, and the singer was named Kenny Baker. So eventu-

ally they discovered he was a likely looking lad, and moreover he knew how to act before the camera. So it seemed England was doomed to have this California boy play the major role in the first, oh so punctilious translation of Gilbert and Sullivan to the sound screen.

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As it was, the picture did very nicely at the British box offices, and had there been no war Mr. Baker would be making a movie version of the *Gondoliers*.

Since this subversive activity is denied him, the lad instead will have a try this fall at undermining the traditions of the concert stage. His revolutionary idea is to compose a program of encores. All encores. What, he asks, is the usual pattern of a concert? Sopranos, tenors, baritones - all the polite auditorium singers do the same thing: start off with a few slow and somber compositions, preferably obscure, but certainly old. Either old Italian or olde English. From these, the singer progresses toward operatic arias, in foreign tongue. By then the first half-hour of the concert is past and the more sensible members of the audience have begun to arrive. The singer now offers some acceptable classics, perhaps Ave Maria or a show piece like Laugh

Clown Laugh. But it is only at the end of the program, when he comes back with a smile halfapologetic and half-conspiratorial, that he gets around to singing the ballads and folk songs and Negro spirituals that his audiences delight to hear. The really wise concert-goers, of course, pretend they can't get to the concert but arrange to meet their friends as it lets out. Thus they arrive precisely in time for the encores, and crowd the rear of the auditorium. listening to the only good part of the show.

So Kenny is going out there to sing encores from the very start of his program. He is going to give them cowboy songs and hillbilly songs and hobo songs-the real popular music that gets, in time, to be accepted as kind of classical because it is "folk music." He will sing some Gershwin and Cole Porter songs, in the modern light classical vein, songs such as Begin the Beguine. He will sing Negro spirituals and work songs and if he can find a good truck driving song he will sing that too, you bet. He is also going to include much beloved stand-bys such as Ave Maria and the dream song from Manon and Mighty Lak a Rose, and I Hear You Calling Me. In short, Kenny Baker means to

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remove the top hat from the concert hall. He likes to stress American music—not so much music by composers who happen to be American, for very often, he points out, they have studied so much in Europe that their mood is foreign to us; but American music like that of Stephen Foster is his dish. However, he will not be exclusive. Gilbert and Sullivan will be represented, and the ever popular Schubert.

In this way, the young man hopes to establish himself as popular-classical. Obviously, he is not playing for the highbrow trade. Nor is he singing to the "jump and jive" kids, who write fan letters by the bushel, but desert one hero for another each month. He believes the great steady audience, both for radio and for concert singing, is the middle-ground audience, "people like my mother," who want to hear good music well-sung, with a minimum of novelties.

How does this jibe with the fact that Bing Crosby is still at the top of the poll, and that Rudy Vallee holds high place, year after year? These men, Kenny has figured out, had the advantage of digging in early, in the heyday of radio, and then they developed, they became personalities instead of mere trick singers. He believes they would have difficulty getting entrenched if they were starting today; they would have no chance to develop personalities, for trick sensations happen too fast, nowadays.

"What happens to popular singers? Crooners are a dime a dozen. A man comes up with a new trick style, maybe something wrong with his throat, or any trick: he lasts a year or two, singing with a band. But pretty soon the band loses popularity or changes singers and he starts going down and before you know it he is glad to be making \$200 a month as an insurance salesman."

None of the popular singers of that type study music, and, Kenny contends, they shouldn't, so long as they want to remain popular singers. They must risk the short career; for training might even lose them that, by depriving them of their quirk quality. However, the singer who has it in him really to become a musician, has a chance for a long career. Kenny cites the case of a man who for one season had a great vogue with a trick falsetto voice. But this performer saw what happened to so many other trick singers, and had sense enough to halt at the peak. Meanwhile, through intense study, he learned how to sing "straight," re-appeared as a baritone, and established himself again in public favor.

Besides revolutionizing the concert stage, Kenny has a few more things to do in his life. He wants to appear in a Broadway show, as soon as he can arrange his broadcast work—now done in Hollywood—to permit this; he wants to perform the Student Prince in films; and he wants to develop a style of musical film that is more than a backstage series of songs and stunts: he wants to get into it the combined character quality of Charles Ray and Harold Lloyd—but with music.

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Being a likable, open-faced and photogenic young man, he is fairly likely to do all these things, and successfully. He is not at all bothered about singing South of the Border and Ave Maria on the same program, for if that's common taste, he believes it is pretty decent taste, and it is his taste too. If, by any chance, any one of his ventures should lay an egg, as they say in the theatre, Kenny Baker won't be too alarmed, for he will be used to that happening, by way of his hobby collection of hormone-stimulated hens who will, he hopes, be laying a record and profitable quantity of eggs, fresh, -MARTIN LEWIS every day.

Sometimes the rich uncle seems to live on forever. More often, there isn't any rich uncle in the first place. Lacking inheritances apparent, the individuals who figure in the following case histories were ingenious enough, in one way and another, to make up for the lack of golden apples on their family tree.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT

SUMMER IS A season of travel, but where there are very young children in the family, week-end trips and vacations sometimes become impossible. It was this circumstance which gave Gertrude Stanniger an idea for maintaining her income during the summer months, when her kindergarten class was not in session. For when the mother of two of her kindergarteners proposed that she take charge of the children during the summer, in exchange for the use of a large apartment, Miss Stanniger asked and received permission to turn the apartment into a "dormitory." Then she advertised: "Plan a carefree vacation. Leave your children where they will be happy and receive the best of care. Rates: Overnight \$2.50; Weekly \$18; Monthly \$65. Rates include everything except laundry. Nurses in constant attendance. But apply now, as only a limited number of children will be accommodated." And Miss Stanniger was right. Her dormitory could not accommodate all of the applicants. And now, where she formerly had to face a three-month layoff every summer, Miss Stanniger can depend on an income all the year around.



James Holme of Denver, temporarily unemployed, one day picked up the telephone directory. He turned the pages and passed the name for which he was looking; he turned the pages back and again overshot his mark. His irritation mounted. Then he thought of something. If he, an unemployed man, could resent the time wasted in searching for a number in a telephone directory, what of a busy office worker? He made up a kit consisting of a wooden mallet, a chisel, a block of wood and several gummed sets of the alphabet. Then he called on various business concerns, offering to index their phone directories and explaining how much time he could save the office. It worked. Many offices had several directories to be indexed. It took Holme only a few minutes for each job. Soon he was making a good living and, thanks to the new issues of the directory, his idea became a year-around business. Now his only layoffs are those he takes himself, with his own permission.



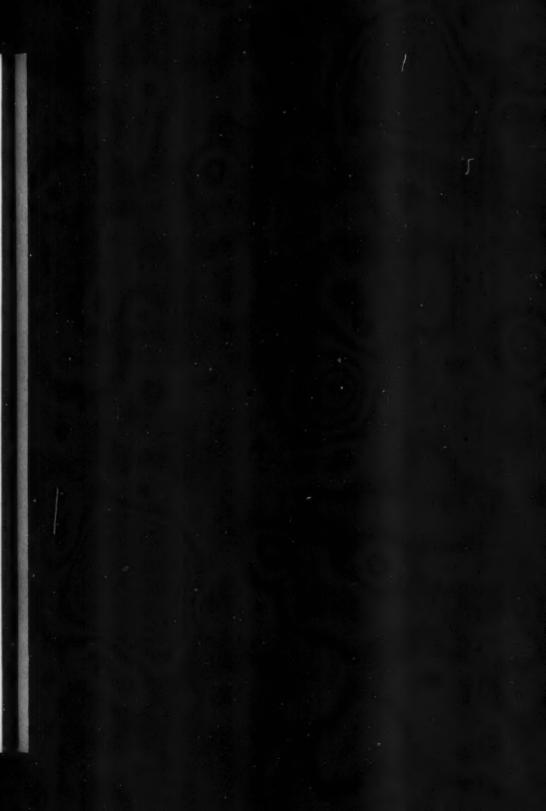
LORRAINE MILLER was a carefree high school girl—carefree, that is, until she found herself with a date for the Prom and no dress to wear. Then, suddenly, she became a girl very eager to earn some spare-time money. Gifted with paint brush, pen and pencil, Lorraine devised a sheet of handpainted stationery and on it wrote an application for a job to the proprietor of a local department store. The hard-hearted proprietor flatly turned down her application for em-

ployment. "But," said he, "I'll sell just as many sheets of that handpainted stationery as you can turn out." Now Lorraine not only has money for her clothes but is on the road to what may be a profitable full-time career.



LEFT without a job when her employer retired because of poor health, Alma Luddington had plenty of time to reflect. One of her least pleasant memories was that of her employer's out-of-town visitors who had important letters to get out. Although they always spoke of calling in a public stenographer, it was Miss Luddington who invariably did their work while they were in town. Accordingly, she wrote letters to many of these men, offering her services as private secretary whenever they were in the city. It must have been a sound idea, for in less than a year Miss Luddington was obliged to hire several assistants. Her office takes care of visitors' phone calls, handles their dictation and their mail, buys their theatre tickets, suggests interesting places to eat. In short, Miss Luddington makes a business of doing the same things she formerly did as a favor to her employer's friends. Only now she gets paid for it.

Readers are invited to contribute to "There's Money in It." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



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LANDSCAPE



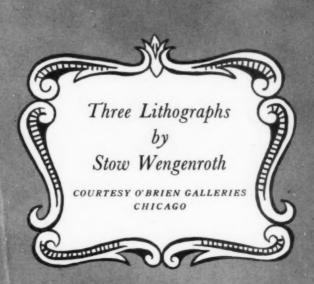
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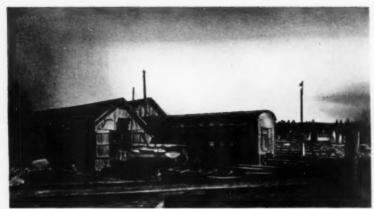


LA SOURCE









DAY'S END

Atom Wedergenroth



PICNIC

Alow Wengenroth



IT MAY BE TERRIFIC ON TIMES SQUARE AND STILL BE A FLOPEROO BEYOND THE BORDERS OF MANHATTAN



WAX WORK WIZARD

A FLICKERING kerosene lamp was the only source of illumination in that pitch black hut. It made the eyes of the four Negroes facing the lone white man across a crude slab table seem like so many hard boiled eggs that watched his every move. When his hand shifted to his hip pocket these eyes followed and grew a good bit softer at sight of the four flamboyant neckties he produced and flung on the table.

"See!" he said, while they stared at that shimmering heap of silk stuff. "The smartest stuff money can buy back in New York."

But this white man is not, as you might suppose, a trader to darkest Africa. He is Art Satherley, talent scout for a phonograph record company, who spends most of his time exploring out of the way

parts of these United States. Anyone who knows him will tell you Art is a wizard when it comes to putting talent on wax, and the above incident illustrates but one phase of a technique he has built up during many years spent meeting colored folk and hill billies in their native haunts.

"They're something like women," he asserts. "You've got to be nice to them and bring them presents every so often if you want them to do things for you."

It was back in 1932, when most folks were selling apples and very few buying phonograph records, that Satherley took to the hills in search of talent — and business. Radio and depression had combined to knock the industry for a loop. A quick sales checkup revealed that only 10 per cent of its customers were found in New

York and vicinity. The other 90 per cent lived in the wide open spaces. Few of them owned radios and fewer still liked the kind of programs that originated in big cities. "So I had to go and find out what they did like," recalls Satherley, "and then sell it to them. Wherever I found a musician with a local appeal I recorded him and sold his following."

Such tactics soon carried him far off the beaten path of any previous recording man. He paddled up dark creeks leading to the back waters of those bayous which mark the Deep South. He climbed narrow trails leading to hidden Blue Ridge Mountain valleys where even revenue officers of a previous generation had feared to tread, never knowing what minute he might be the victim of mistaken identity.

"Once, on my first stop in Hattiesburg, Mississippi," he says, "a man shoved a gun into my ribs and said things which made me feel quite sick." And now that he is better known in Hattiesburg or Norfolk or Winchester, Kentucky, than he is along Broadway, Satherley knows things which make that Street's entertainment moguls plenty sick. "It used to annoy me," he says, "to see them foisting their idea of entertain-

ment on people outside of New York. But now the joke's on them. Many a song that's terrific within a pistol's range of Times Square isn't even listened to in any other corner of the country."

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Recordings made by small town talent, he discloses, often outsell those made by high priced Manhattan artists and so-called "names." For instance, The Sinking of the Morro Castle, one of a number of selections unknown in New York, topped the figures set by most Broadway hits of a few seasons back. "Then you take a thing like Stormy Weather," he continues. "It was considered a smash along Broadway. Yet The Killing of John Dillinger, a wax we made at the same time, outsold it and is still going strong."

"It didn't take long," Satherley recalls, "to discover that out-of-town folks favored simpler, more homely music than was popular along Broadway. The kind, in short, they produced themselves." He also learned that colored people would rather listen to their own race than to whites. Similarly, hill billies favored hill billies and cowboys liked listening to fellow cowhands sing. Members of each group rarely listened to the efforts of any other group and all could tell the difference, when it

came to records, between the Broadway phony and the real McCoy. "So," he goes on to reveal, "we learned to do the same."

Satherley can tell the difference between real hill billies and impostors from the big city just by looking at them. "Their eyes give them away," he declares. "Then the genuine article is extremely shy. Likely to run right out of the studio if you're not very careful how you handle them. While Negroes are the other way around. Stirring them up is the best way to get good work. I can make any colored preacher so excited," he contends, "that he'll practically tear the mike to pieces when he gets started on his number."

One artist of his is a typical Texas Rambler. Give this man any sum over and above the price of a drink and next morning you'll get a wire from 300 miles away to say he skipped town during the night. "He slays an audience when he strums his guitar," declares Satherley, "but you can't keep him on any stage longer than a week." Then there is a certain group of hill billies whose recordings are very popular. They comprise a man, his wife and his sister-in-law. The man and wife haven't spoken for years. All questions are relayed through the sister-in-law and when they are entertaining or making a record the man only chips in when he feels so inclined.

"They're queer folk," says Satherley, "until you get to know them well."

And getting to know them as well as he does appears to involve a psychology adapted strictly to his particular trade. The singing Negro, for instance, is usually a night prowler. He sleeps all day, only rousing when dark falls, to get on over to the nearest meeting or serenade some dusky local belle. Then you never know what kind of reception you're likely to get bearding these colored lions in their dens. Once Satherley and his assistant were looking for a man called Yapps who lived near Louisville. A boy in town said he knew such a man. He led them to a lonely cabin. They rapped and could hear someone stirring about inside. Next moment the door was flung open and a gigantic black faced them, dressed in nothing but a double-barreled shotgun.

"He was the local undertaker," chuckles Satherley, "and looked as if he'd do anything to drum up a little business."

Down in Alabama, the only spot in which the record man

could hear his prospects was the funeral parlor. Then just an hour before the audition, while Satherley was sitting on the jail porch across the street, the hearse — which also served as ambulance—drove up with a Negro who had been slashed to death. His killer was alleged to be leaving town by a certain road. The sheriff leapt into the hearse, likewise the undertaker, and Satherley himself went along for the ride.

At a railroad crossing a few miles up the road a triangular pile of wood caught the questing sheriff's eye. He tapped the driver's shoulder and leapt down as the car halted. "Come out, you there!" he commanded, and was as much surprised as any of them when a black head appeared. They promptly handcuffed the killer to the body of his victim and he fainted en route back to town. He made a full confession the minute he revived.

"And do you think," asks Satherley, "I could get a colored person to come near the undertaking parlor that night? No, suh!"

And so it goes, with Satherley piking off every few months to scout up fresh talent . . . heading into the most out of the way spots in the country. Yet, oddly enough, his greatest find walked right into his New York headquarters one day. He was disguised in store clothes and bowler hat. Seemed just another guy until you heard him sing. After making a record or two this find was spotted on a Chicago radio program and received thousands of letters in no time at all. He made Hollywood his next stop and rose to a five figure income practically over night. Why?

"Because Gene Autry," boasts Satherley, "has also sold more than three million records since we first put him on wax."

-JACK MOSHER

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SALVATIONIST

Napoleon, who was a skeptic, once inquired of his state confessor, "Who will be the first to enter heaven?"

"The poor shall be the first,

Sire," answered the priest.

"Indeed," said Napoleon, "then I have helped many to salvation. Count those I have beggared." —ERNEST WALLIS

"I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES"



As in last month's issue, you are here asked to test your power of observation by studying the photograph on this page. The point to be pondered—if point there must be—is the child-like faith people have in their usually faulty visual memory. Or maybe you're different. Test your-

self by studying this photograph for one full minute. Then turn to page 132 where you will find ten questions based on the photograph. Answer as many of them as you can from memory and then turn back to this page to check up. A score of seven correct is good. Nine or ten right is unusual. UP FROM THE TENEMENTS,
HE CARRIES A CAMERA
WITH A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE



PORTRAIT OF ELIOT ELISOFON

ELIOT ELISOFON is a cocky youngster with a social conscience and the peculiar ability of taking better pictures than most of his colleagues. He has a sure hand and a sure tongue; his pictures have extraordinary sharpness and brilliance, extraordinary human interest—and he himself is sure about it.

He is nervous, restless, vocable, and super-charged. He is enthusiastic about everything—particularly his dislikes.

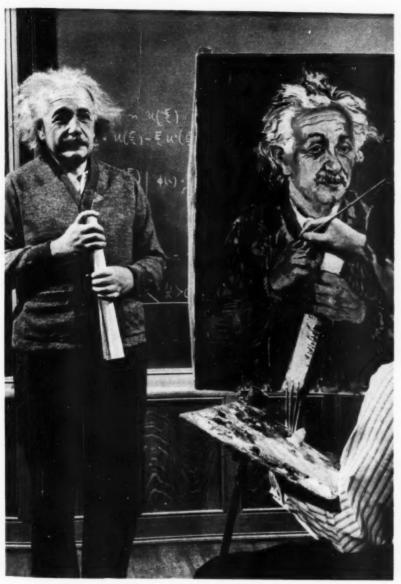
He is slight, dark, sparkling, effervescent; a sort of one-man revolution.

He lives in an apartment full of rotten tree roots, modern painting, modern sculpture, phonograph records, and pictures of slums. At one and the same moment he is both a primitive epicure and a social crusader; with his left hand he pours a fine Fundador brandy, twenty-five years by the calendar—and with the other he leads you slumming.

Twenty-nine years ago, he was born in an East Side tenement. His father was a hatworker, prematurely aged in the sweatshops.

Elisofon senior had been an officer in the Russian army. He fought in the Russo-Japanese war. After Port Arthur, he was afraid to look the Czar in the eye. He deserted, escaped to Africa, later came to America. Here, where opportunity abounds for every man, he got a job steaming hats. Then he sent for his wife.

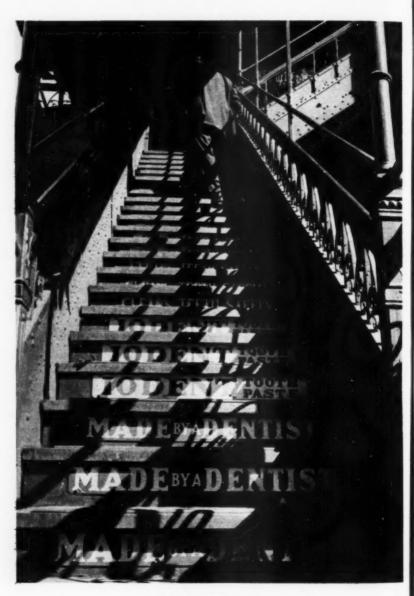
Mrs. Elisofon carried young Eliot, still diapered, to Cooper Union concerts and to the galleries of the Metropolitan. But conditions at home were hard and tight and tense. When Elisofon was half-



PROFESSOR EINSTEIN AND ARTHUR KAUFMAN

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AUGUST, 1940



THIRD AVENUE EL

CORONET

way through high school, he decided to yank himself out. He took a job at five dollars a week as a delivery boy in a grocery store. "I was heartbroken," he said.

A few years later he heard of the Civil Service, passed an exam, and landed a dependable job as clerk in the Workmen's Compensation Bureau. "Then," said Elisofon, "I felt I was doing something."

Workmen came in with their hands chopped off—victims of industrial accidents. On all sides trouped the lame, and the halt, and the blind: all victims of things over which they had no control, but victims no less . . . and desperate.

Elisofon would feel his stomach twitch.

* * *

With his munificent salary, Elisofon helped support his family. At night he went to college— Fordham.

During these college years, for no particular reason, he bought a camera and started taking pictures. During his sophomore year he was persuaded to stop dealing with the drug store, to develop his own film. Accordingly he set up a darkroom in the family bathroom. And since the Elisofon family was large and distinctly human, this undoubtedly proved something of an inconvenience.

In time, because of the increase of his roll film output and the concomitant increase in family protests, Elisofon joined forces with a friend, threw away five dollars a month, took over a basement 15 feet below sea level. This he regards as a turning point in his life. "I started out," he said, "to be an eclectic."

For several years he bought and traded cameras. He joined one of the perennial groups that spring up and flourish and silently fade away, like the happy, carefree mushrooms. Suddenly, one day, a group of left-wing artists descended on him, shouting dialectically. "The Barbizon School is dead," they said. "Why don't you stop trying to be a Corot—and take some photographs?"

"Out of sheer desperation," said Elisofon, "I began to go out and take pictures."

Soon after this, or before it—it doesn't matter—he was persuaded to lean on his genius, throw up his Civil Service job, take potluck with straight commercial photography. He pooled his chances with a couple of other potluckers, and started tramping the streets.

Work began to come in at three dollars a throw, catalog shots, furniture shots, run of the mill. Sometimes Elisofon took as many as twenty commercials a day, and stayed up all night developing and printing.

This routine had one disciplinary virtue: it made him learn a technique too often neglected to-day—the technique of turning out sharp, clean pictures, well garnished with detail and texture.

Breaks came. Business increased. He made money.

Then the Devil's itch started again, like an old palsy. Elisofon wanted to do something else.

A certain bright day in 1937, he picked up his Speed Graphic and started out shooting the tragic side of life. He found pictorial design as well as human tragedy in the homes of the people not yet endowed by the New York Times fund for "The Hundred Neediest Cases."

Then a bright idea struck him: why not combine glamour with squalor? He got some pretty girls, dressed them up, posed them on junk piles, against shanties, under wrecking cranes. He took his shots to Brodevitch, art director for *Harper's Bazaar*. Brodevitch said, "I'd like to see these without the girls."

The next day, Elisofon hired a truck and hauled up half a ton of prints: there, on paper, were the foundations of Manhattan, limned with precision, imagination, and grace.

Brodevitch said: "Take these to the Julian Levy Galleries." Elisofon did. Julian Levy was excited, took a dozen on consignment.

Met on all sides with enthusiasm, Elisofon decided to take stock of himself. "Maybe I'm good," he said to himself.

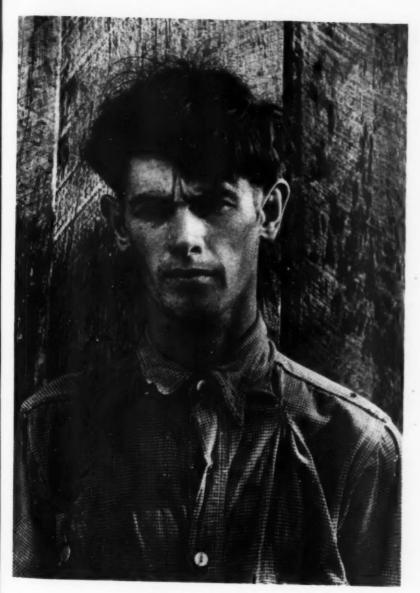
He had confidence now, where confidence never grew before. And quick to capitalize on it while the tide was flood, up he marched to *Life*. The result was two immediate assignments—one on tintype photographers, one on an Orthodox Rosh Hashonah service.

Both clicked.

* * *

Elisofon is a photographic counterpart of men like old Lincoln Steffans and the *Muckrakers*. "I wanted to point a camera," he said, "at things I thought needed attention. I gave up commercial photography because I believed that I could use a camera more powerfully . . . to say things that couldn't be said with a pretty girl leaning against a pole."

Actually, he is carrying on the tradition of the great social photography begun by Lewis W. Hine in the 1900's—and this is a great work. More greatness of



"WEARY WILLIE"

AUGUST, 1940



PLAYGROUND OF MANHATTAN

CORONET

spirit and conscience went into Hine's work than into any yet done—in American photography.

Elisofon works almost entirely with a 6x9 centimeter Linhoff camera—on a tripod. He uses a Contax to fill in, where necessary; but feels that he can't get the texture and brilliance he wants with a 35 mm. negative.

He has specialized in multiple flash technique: two or more flash bulbs, strategically placed, simultaneously fired. This freezes motion, at the same time does away with flat lighting of the single bulb flashed from the camera.

"Working this way," he says, "I can get the lighting I want, yet avoid static expressions. I don't force people to pose, and I get an honest impression."

Intellectually, as well as technically, he is at war with all pictorialists — and he minces no words. Speaking of Edward Weston, the California landscape and still life photographer, he says: "I think some of Weston's things are wonderful, but I don't think he should spend his whole life doing them."

Of Ivan Dmitri, the miniature pictorialist, he says with charming frankness: "I think Dmitri should go back to etching—and I

want to go on record as saying so."

* * *

One of the most interesting keynotes to Elisofon's personality is the succession of two stages in his social reporting. During the first, he tried to impound the voice of the city as it echoed from its tenements, its slums, its squalor. He tried to find a sort of Fleurs du mal—beauty, design, form in the decay and degeneration of things.

Suddenly he changed. He turned to himself, unexpectedly, and said, "My God—so what?

"I've got to go out and do something about people."

He went out and shot people all kinds of people: children, gypsies, old men; people starving, people struggling, people playing.

One of the most significant jobs, during these days, was his study of children and slums—a propaganda appeal for playgrounds, exhibited, some time back, at The New School for Social Research.

"I got started on a playground rampage," he said, "because all around I saw empty lots—ground used for nothing—and surrounded with fences. Children have to dodge trucks and get run over—empty lots are kept for fences. . . .

"And when I see a fence," he added, "I see red."

-ROBERT W. MARKS

IT'S REALLY GAY GOOD FUN
IF YOU CAN STAND IT,
THIS GAME OF LOBBY HOBBIES



TILL THE ELEVATOR COMES

Many people feel they spend the best years of their lives waiting for an elevator. These golden moments—five a day, totalling thirty hours and some incalculable seconds a year—are lost in a nervous state of pizzicato, repetitiously pushing buttons, watching the clock-like indicator as the elevator whistles up and down the shaft. We may say that we waste the equivalent of more than a full day and night in an impotent tizzy. We learn nothing. We make no new friends.

It recently occurred to me to learn to live to the utmost while waiting for the elevator. I remembered that for years I had longed to become adept at making a quarter disappear. The marble corridor, once a vacuous torture chamber, lost its horror. I practiced until the muscles of my hand

rippled secretly like those of a snake and the quarter was conveved from the palm to the back of my hand with ease. This infinitely enriched my life. While practicing, several men gallantly ran after my rolling quarter and stepped on it for me. One turned out to be a second cousin I had not seen since I was eight, and shortly afterwards he introduced me to a radio announcer who gives me tickets to the Major Bowes broadcasts. My efforts at legerdemain also attracted the attention of other sleight-of-hand enthusiasts to whom I might not otherwise have been drawn. I ran into a man one day, the president of a large firm, who took nickels out of my ear and it was weeks before I had to stop for change at the subway. Another man, a corporation lawyer, I believe, made R

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three pigeons fly out of his brief case. They sat on my hat all the way down in the elevator and I had many compliments on them.

While engaged in this lobby hobby, I discovered I was not alone in my resolution to make the most of these generally begrudged moments at the elevator shaft. A young lady, who waits every noon on the nineteenth floor of the RCA Building, makes lists of "What I won't do this afternoon." She showed me a sample one day when we were passing the time. I put away my quarter, she stopped writing, and I read her notations. "Won't chew pencils, won't say okie-dokie, won't flirt with McGuire." Another devotee of leisure in the lobby is a life insurance salesman who approaches scowling button-pushers and asks, "Have you heard any good jokes lately?" He now knows variations on all the jokes, is familiar with wit cycles, and is a good man at any smoker.

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A tall blonde I met on the twenty-seventh floor of the Chrysler Building has a lobby hobby almost anyone can enjoy. She used to tabulate statistics by observation, but she overcame her shyness and now asks questions of fellow button-pushers, gleaning some interesting and indispensable facts.

If tense silence should fall upon a dinner table she is now able to exclaim, "Do you know that every one out of seventy-nine men on the twenty-seventh floor of the Chrysler Building carries a cane?" She also found that two out of ten persons prefer the word "terrific" to "colossal" and eleven out of twelve found morning coffee an indispensable rite while the twelfth went in for lemon coke. "Why should Dr. Gallup do all the snooping?" she asked.

A quaint little man I encountered on the sixth floor at Rockefeller Center told me his lobby hobby cured him of relying on hunches. He had an opportunity to test the true validity of his intuition by guessing whether his fellows waiting at the elevator shaft had one, two, or three syllable names. "Stared at a man for a long time one day," he said, "and I knew he was in the Smith-Brown class." "How did you know it?" I replied. "I just knew it," he repeated with a perplexed look in his eye. "What was his name?" I asked. "Armbruster," he said.

Many of us on the tenth floor of 1697 Broadway, where I spend most of my time waiting for elevators, have a pastime which makes pals out of strangers due to the sense of conspiracy it induces. The game is guessing how many people will be on the elevator when it stops at our floor. The other day I was playing this game with Dr. Emil Everts, a dentist. "How many do you think?" I asked playfully the minute I spied him approaching the shaft in his old trench coat. "Five," he said, after thinking a moment. "One," I wagered. Well, there was one very stout woman in the elevator and all the way down Dr. Everts was tittering and poking me in the ribs. On the first floor he de-

veloped such paroxysms that the elevator starter had to support him. "I said there'd be five on the elevator and look at her," he gasped, slapping his knee and pointing at the retreating figure of the woman. "She said there'd be one. Who's right?" The elevator starter wasn't in a very good humor. "I think you're both nuts," he said. But since then his disposition has improved for we told him about lobby-hobbying and now he is running a flea circus on the side. -HILDA COLE

FAIR EXCHANGE

THE millionaire steel-magnate Andrew Carnegie was also a fervent collector of autographs. He derived as much satisfaction from this hobby as any schoolgirl who gets the signatures of the great at an opening night. In his case, however, he was more interested in the famous scientists and thinkers of the world than he was in actors.

He once asked a friend who was visiting Germany to obtain the autograph of the German biologist-philosopher Ernst Haeckel, who had recently published his startling book The Riddle of the Universe. Some weeks later Carnegie received the autograph of the wily Haeckel. The philosopher had written: "Professor Haeckel of the University of Jena acknowledges the receipt of a new high-power microscope for the Biological Institute of the University and deeply thanks Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the gift." Mr. Carnegie's canny Scotch blood appreciated the hint: he promptly forwarded the microscope to the University.

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-ALBERT ABARBANEL

MEDICAL SCIENCE, UNFORTUNATELY, HAS NOT YET MASTERED THE TECHNIQUE OF PROVIDING NEW EARS FOR OLD



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SAFEGUARDS FOR YOUR HEARING

There is something peculiarly intimidating about silence. Created for companionship, man needs the reassurance of sound, the sense of support which other voices bring. To be condemned to exist in an eternal void, unable to catch the warm notes of affection and the spoken evidences of approval, is a sharp test for the morale. It is easy for one's outlook on life to become bitter and warped when the cheering effects of chatter, laughter, and music are no longer felt. Suspicion, jealousy, self-pity, can breed in stillness.

The psychological effect of deafness is often more devastating than that of loss of vision. The blind, after the initial passion of terror has subsided and resignation has set in, can experience the calmness which comes of withdrawal from the more contentious

phases of life. Other senses and faculties in them become sharpened to compensate for the lack of sight. But the deaf, still embroiled in the sharp struggles of existence, can expect no aid from nature. Nor is any of the pity, which is lavished on the blind, reserved for those who cannot hear.

On top of everything, they are exposed to a full realization of what they miss and of the effects of their physical shortcoming. Their eyes tell them a little of what their ears no longer report. It is no wonder they are prone to put wrong constructions on the speeches they cannot follow, to cover up or minimize their disability, to feel a reluctance to the use of mechanical devices in public.

Hearing is so vital to the enjoyment of life, so necessary to success, that it should be guarded with all the care a miser bestows on the contents of his safety deposit box. The outer ear—that fluted outcropping on each side of the head which can be dainty enough to rouse poetic praise, or so obtrusive as to evoke comparisons to barn-doors and stun-sails—must be given proper care and protected from heat and cold. The case must be taken immediately to a competent doctor when pains develop in any part of the ear.

Nature—painstaking, prolific, imaginative-did an especially good job in the human ear. It is the most minutely complicated part of the body. It is so perfect in fact, that the coiners of medical terms, prosaic individuals in the main, became almost ecstatic in the names they selected for the parts of this delicate organism, so much like a miniature cathedral. The three small bones, or ossicles, they called the hammer, the anvil, and the stirrup. Other parts they named the attic, the fenestra, the vestibule, the scala, and the antrum. The inner cell, which converts vibrations into gradations of sound for the brain, they christened the cochlea; and the wonderful set of strings which animate it are artistically referred to as Corti's Organ.

However, they quickly reverted to form in finding names for the troubles which disturb the temple of hearing. Any discussion of auricular symptoms leads one into a maze of such simple little words as furumculosis, thrombosis, isophonic contours, piezoelectricity, suppuration, synapses, decibels and herpes.

Leaving out of consideration the organic defectiveness which brings into the world one child in every 2,400 without the capacity to hear, deafness can be attributed to six different causes. It can be brought on by trouble in the outer ear, colds, inflammation, accumulations of wax, or the presence of foreign substances. Allergic conditions will sometimes affect hearing. Venereal diseases attack the organism of the ear in a certain percentage of cases. Noise, such as a heavy bombardment of artillery or a sharp explosion, will often permanently injure the organ; and occupational sounds, such as boiler makers encounter, lead almost inevitably to an impairment of the sense. Then there are the two major causes: age-deafness, about which very little can be done, and the acute attacks brought on by infectious diseases in other parts of the body about which a great deal can be done.

There is still another cause known as Aviator's Ear, caused by changes in atmospheric pressure and obviously a recent addition, which hardly merits a place in a general list. When travelers develop pains in the ear while in the air, they can find relief in such simple remedies as swallowing several times, yawning, singing, or shouting.

Upsets to the hearing which originate in the outer ear are not likely to be serious, and should never prove permanent unless grossly neglected. Allergic symptoms manifest themselves by sharp pains which subside as suddenly as they begin. The cure obviously is to locate the food or the condition to which the body is allergic. Injuries sustained through sharp sound are seldom more than temporary, but the effects of occupational noises are certain in a great majority of cases to lead to chronic impairment. The cure for the effects of venereal disease lies, of course, in the cure or check of the disease itself in the earliest stages.

Like all other organs of the body, the ear grows old. Something of the fineness of its adjustments is lost as the years roll along, and gradual loss of hearing cannot be prevented. The auditory sense has one little peculiarity all its own, however. Age-deafness may apply only to certain frequencies. Old people will sometimes lose the power to distinguish sounds of high frequency but retain the capacity to hear low tones. Sometimes they will be totally deaf in a still room but will catch nearly every syllable spoken in a noisy crowd or with an airplane drumming overhead. For which reason it is well to be careful what you say when Grandma or old Uncle Lemuel are in the room. Technically they may be stonedeaf, but it is always possible that some organic idiosyncrasy will enable them to pick up bits of the conversation; and it is pretty certain to be that jocular little reference to ancient appetites or any speculation on the subject of wills.

The chief cause of premature deafness is infection from diseases which fasten on other parts of the body. The trouble-making germs are carried into the ear through what is known as the Eustachian tube, a small passage communicating with the nose and serving as the vent of the inner ear. In treating scarlet fever, measles, smallpox and other diseases in that category, the greatest care is now taken to keep this tube free

from infection. The percentage of cases which show after-effects in the ear, is falling all the time. It is not only deafness which may follow when germs pass the tube and gain entrance into the labyrinth of the ear, spreading havoc in the tympanic structure, inflaming the membrane of the cochlea with its four thousand minute transmitters of sound signals. Neurosis of the bone, affections of the mastoid, facial paralysis, meningitis, and abscesses of the brain are all possible consequences.

There is little that one can do to keep the Eustachian tube in a healthy condition. Doctors advise against violent blowing of the nose and the expulsion of water through the nostrils after swimming. When early symptoms develop, the patient can sometimes bring about a cure by taking a sea trip or removing for a time to a locality where the air is warm and dry. Beyond this, the preliminary defense is entirely in the hands of nature.

The most painful form of ear trouble is tinnitus, which fills the head with throbbing, neverceasing sound. In extreme cases, the interior vibrations can be detected through the outer ear like the faint click of a metronome. This maddening symptom gener-

ally comes in the final stages of loss of hearing but has been known to continue long after complete deafness has set in. Few bodily troubles can be harder on the nerves than tinnitus. The continuous reverberations, sometimes rolling and beating like a drum, sometimes like the staccato concussions of motor explosions, give the patient no peace. Medical science was not disposed for a long time to take this phase of deafness seriously, but the tendency today is to treat it as one of the most disturbing ailments to which the human system can be subjected. Although difficult of cure, tinnitus is always susceptible to alleviation.

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In the matter of mechanical aids, man's ingenuity has run riot for a century or more. A full collection of the instruments which have been produced for the relief of surdity would fill a museum. In addition to thousands of varieties of trumpets, there are such oddities as acoustic chairs, high-backed affairs full of wires and tubes and looking uncomfortably like that last grim sitting place which the underworld calls the "hot squat." A peculiar device is a reception vase to be placed in the center of the table which amplifies the dinner hour chatter for the deaf members of the company (what this one could do at the afternoon bridge club!). Most of the gadgets were designed to appeal to the vanity by providing secret relief. In this class are found acoustic fans, which a lady can languidly wave about one ear and thereby receive vibrations of sound: binaural beard receptors, which span the neck concealed under the beard of the user (not in much use nowadays); acoustic walkingsticks, with wired knobs, which the well-dressed man can swing above his shoulder; opera combs to be used in the hair with electrical attachments; acoustic lorgnettes, designed to catch sounds as the holder moves her head from side to side.

All manner of acoustic hats have been invented, tall affairs in the main and so heavily wired and equipped that they could weather a return engagement of the Big Blow of '88.

Of course, there is no excuse for the use of such devices nowadays. It has become rare to see anyone with the heavy, battery-equipped sound boxes which were so common a few years ago. The very latest aids are so neatly contrived that the only visible evidence is a small disc attached to the ears by a cord, the dry cell battery which supplies the current being carried in a pocket or suspended under the coat. Though unobtrusive, these electrical devices are of the telephone type, consisting of microphone, receiver, volume control and valve amplifier as used in radio. The very latest model, known as the Audiphone, comes in several models which serve different pitch ranges. It is anticipated that in time it will be possible to reduce the equipment still further in size, bringing it down to such a fine point that the sound disc will be little larger than a monocle.

These electrical helps serve as a double source of relief. They make it possible for all but those in the final stages to converse with reasonable comfort; and they can be manipulated almost with the automatic ease of a pair of bifocal glasses. The sensitive pride of the deaf—which can achieve a hair-trigger edge—does not balk at the use of devices which convey little more suggestion of physical limitation than eye-glasses or a cane.

There are specialists, however, who still contend that, for sufferers from age-deafness, there is really nothing better than the old-fashioned ear trumpet, the bell-shaped tube into which the other party to the conversation talks.

The deaf have been the steadiest victims of the medical quacks. The blind being removed from contact with get-well-quick temptations, the shady practitioners have concentrated on the unfortunate people who find their auricular sense slipping away from them. In the days when publishers had less regard for truth in advertising than they have today, the columns of newspapers and magazines were plentifully sprinkled with announcements of positive cures for total deafness. The prevalence of the advertisements was proof of the golden harvest which was being reaped. Although driven under cover, the quacks are still operating briskly today.

There is, of course, no cure for total deafness. Even for those whose organs of hearing have fallen into advanced stages of disrepair, nothing but temporary relief can be provided. It is only in the earlier stages that cures are possible. The Promised Land of health, which we are beginning to sight dimly, may perhaps bring with it ways to provide new ears for old. So far, however, there is nothing to hint that the full use of the bodily senses will ever be much prolonged beyond the limits of the recognized life span.

Medical science has set itself wisely to cope with deafness along lines of prevention. Attention is being paid to the elimination of hereditary tendencies, and there has been earnest advocacy of legislation to prevent the deaf-born from marrying into families which incline to congenital deafness.

As the most acute cases of impaired hearing are the result of infection supplied from other parts of the body, however, the all-important consideration is to hold infectious disease in such close bodily quarantine that the organ of hearing can be kept free of contamination. Marked advances are being made along this line. As knowledge of the cure and prevention of disease advances, the danger of loss or impairment of the power of hearing recedes.

If we ever reach the happy stage where deafness has been removed from the list of active physical menaces, apart from the gradual diminution which age must inevitably bring, it will be the result of a raising of general health standards and the elimination of infection-spreading diseases.

-THOMAS B. COSTAIN

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Mr. Costain was for many years an editor of The Saturday Evening Post. He then switched allegiance to Hollywood for a few years, and is now back in the publishing field on the editorial staff of Doubleday Doran & Co. HE MUST HAVE USED A SCISSORS TO CUT UP THE PAINTED CHILD IN SUCH NEAT, METICULOUS SQUARES



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MURDER IN THE MIND

E MILY, walking on stilt-heels, tried to hurry against the wind, to hold closed with one hand her coat collar from which the button was gone, and to keep secure the roll under her left arm. The gusts, blowing dirty newspaper in the unclean gutters, swept her short skirts around her knees and frustrated all herefforts. Three or four times she had to release the coat collar to hold fast to the picture without crushing it.

The clock in the library tower, she'd noticed as she came out, said ten past five. She'd never be able to walk five blocks and have dinner on the table at six. She knew it and it added to her nervousness and irritation.

George would be like he always was when dinner was late. Quiet and narrow-eyed. Sometimes, she thought now, she almost believed George was insane. But the psychiatrist had told her that people always sought refuge in the idea that their tormentors, or they themselves, were crazy. That made it all so easy, he'd said. That was one way of escape from a situation which one couldn't—or more probably, wouldn't — change. That was rationalization.

She fought the wind, feeling that the late October gusts had torn more than her coat apart. Finally she reached the door of her apartment building, inserted the key, and ran up the thickly carpeted stairs. Three flights up and a second key opened the apartment door.

She laid the rolled picture tenderly on the table and went, without removing her wraps, to the kitchen where she set the tea kettle to boil, washed potatoes, and put them into the oven. From the refrigerator she took half an avocado and the supper meat.

"It'll at least look as if things are about ready—if I can get my coat out of sight and the table set," she thought. But, with her wraps off, she paused to unroll the picture. The clock over the mantel where she tried the picture for its effect said ten minutes of six. She dropped the roll again and began hurriedly to bring forth yellow and blue cups and saucers, plates and bowls.

The chairs were in place and she had returned to the kitchen before the door opened, almost without sound, and George stood in the doorway.

"Hello," he said without inflection.

You yourself create your own troubles, Mrs. Foster, the doctor had said. If you will sublimate your desire for children in some creative work and refuse to become annoyed at your husband, I am sure . . .

"Hello, yourself," said Emily, smiling. "How are you?"

"Dinner ready?"

"As soon as the potatoes are done, dear."

"Don't you ever stay home? Where've you been?" George said. Emily flushed.

"Why-I was at the library for

a little. I was finishing my painting. I—I think—it's pretty good, George!"

"I'll shave," he said. "Call me when it's on the table. I'm sorry to say I can't understand why it is when a man works eight hours and comes home tired out, he can't have anything to eat. You'd think I had some rights around here. I used to think this was my house."

Just remember that Mr. Foster, too, feels an inadequacy, and that he attempts to excuse his behavior by putting you in the wrong. This new attitude on your part, growing out of understanding him so well, Mrs. Foster, will cause you to react differently and all will surprise you by smoothing itself out. Just remember, Mrs. Foster . . .

"I'm sorry, George, but I was so nearly finished I wanted just to spend an extra ten minutes—especially as Mr. Mayer, the teacher, won't be there any more. He's been laid off."

"Is there any hot water?"
George said, throwing his hat on
the couch and taking off his overcoat.

"Yes, dear."

"Ain't that something? How extraordinary! Landlady had a heart attack or something?"

Emily thrust a fork into the potatoes. Ten more minutes for them and the meat. George was slamming the medicine-chest door. Softly to herself she went over his shaving equipment. Was it all there? Were there enough clean towels? Oh, she'd forgotten to buy toothpaste—but surely he wouldn't need that before dinner. Right afterwards she'd slip out and get some.

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She went into the living room and examined the picture again.

The brown of the pony cart and the brown of the child's hair were exactly the same shade, while the blue lap robe and the toy elephant repeated the blue of his eyes. But the most important thing about the picture was the expression on the face of the little boy in the pony cart. It was sad and far away, longing for some undiscovered land.

"Lawrence—it would have been—if he'd have had you, my sweet," said Emily, and thrust the picture out of sight in the bottom drawer of George's desk.

Her husband came into the room.

"Did you buy any razor blades?" he asked.

Mrs. Foster, you are asked to remember because he knows you will forget. You forget because really you don't want to remember. Once you realize that, you won't be so likely to forget, and the enjoyment he gets—he doesn't know it, but he does enjoy it—will be proportionately lessened. Do you understand, Mrs. Foster?

"I'll get them right after supper, George. Do you have to shave now? Dinner's about ready."

"You like to keep a pig around," he said. "Well, I don't mind, I'm sure."

Emily thought that the dinner was good, but the butcher had cut the chops a little thin.

"Do you call this meat, my dear? Chipped pork as well as chipped beef? Quite an innovation."

It wasn't the words he uttered, Emily reflected, it was that quiet Mephistophelean rancor.

After the dishes were done and she saw that George was settled on the couch with the newspaper, Emily slipped into her coat. She made as little sound as possible, hoping that he wouldn't notice, but just as she reached for the door knob, he lowered the paper.

"Will you be out very late, my dear?"

"I am just going to the drug store—for razor blades."

"I had rather hoped for some companionship. That wouldn't cost you much!"

You must be put in the wrong, Mrs. Foster, else he cannot rationalize his

behavior. You must avoid giving him an opportunity.

"Well, dear, I won't go then," said Emily cheerfully, beginning to remove her coat.

"Oh—you might as well. Since home means so little to you, get away from it for a while by all means."

Sighing, Emily went. The wind was stronger than ever. She clutched her collar. A button to sew on.

As she was passing the motion picture theatre, she noticed a little boy looking at the advertisements. There were pictures of cowboys in ten gallon hats. It was very silly—and very happy.

Emily stopped. The little boy looked at her curiously.

"Gee," he said, but he was talking to the picture.

Emily smiled. Just so would Lawrence—had there ever been a Lawrence—have looked at cowboys and been filled with the spirit of adventure.

"Going to the show?" she asked.

"Ain't got the dime," said the

child.

"I'll lend you it," said Emily opening her bag. "You can pay me back when you grow up."

In the bright mirror over the drugstore cash-register, Emily saw herself as she paid for her purchases. There were a few threads of grey mingling now with the brown of her hair. She smiled at herself. She had sent a little boy to the movies, and after George was in bed she could get up to look again at the picture.

On her way home, she tried to think objectively, as the doctor had said she must. Was half of it her fault? Maybe. But that wasn't the word.

There is no fault—no blame—Mrs. Foster. You must get beyond that kind of thought, that kind of expression. You must be perfectly objective.

Objective about the little boy she had wanted—still wanted that George refused to have "clutter up the house and break my good meerschaum." The doctor said that many people felt inadequate today. The world was becoming such a hectic place.

Mr. Foster feels that he is inadequate to the task of raising a child. He is rationalizing his inadequacy. If you understand, everything will smooth itself out.

She had reached the apartment again. It was dark. Surprised, she switched on the light. George was not in the living room. She went through to the bedroom to hang up her coat. He lay asleep in his clothes, sprawled across the bed. Emily's eyes moved from his thin,

ascetic face with its tufted eyebrows, to the floor beside the bed.

There it was in a neat little pile beside his copy of a sporting magazine. It hadn't been torn, for there were no ragged edges. Just a neat little pile. The canvas back, white and blank, was upwards, but she knew without bending over to pick the pieces up, that brown matching brown, blue matching blue, elephant beside boy, nursemaids in the distance were neatly, even meticulously, cut into squares almost two inches by two inches.

George, asleep, rolled over and spread his arms eagle-wise on the bed. Emily still held her hat in one hand. She still wore the coat from which a button had come off the collar.

Brown matching brown, blue matching blue.

No blame attaches, Mrs. Foster. Your complete understanding will surprise you by smoothing everything out for you. Do you see how simple it all is? Do you, Mrs. Foster?

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Emily stooped and laid the razor blades and toothpaste on the pile of canvas squares, beside the copy of George's sporting magazine. Then she walked to the mirror, combed her hair carefully, put her hat on at an attractive angle and tiptoed from the room. In the living room, she counted her money, and laid her key to the front door in plain sight on the mantel, beneath where she had thought to hang her picture.

Pushing the night latch so that the door would not open from the outside, she went out and closed it gently behind her, listening as the spring lock snapped into place.

You must understand, Mrs. Foster, that all will smooth itself out. You adjust yourself to your situation. Do you understand that, Mrs. Foster?

Emily laughed as she went down the walk. —Louise Stephens

Louise Stephens was co-author, with Miss Jayne Shover, of "The Curse of Tongues," in the October, 1938 Coronet. Born in Kansas City, Kansas, she worked on the Kansan there and on newspapers in the Chicago region.

PAYABLE ON DEMAND

A LEXANDRE DUMAS once requested the prayers of an old friend. "You don't believe in them," said the friend. "No,"

replied Dumas, "I don't believe in them; but don't worry, when I need them I will believe in them." —PAUL B. DAVIS

WHY HE DIVORCED HER

SEATTLE: Even though both he and his wife are deaf mutes, G. Gilbert Spencer complained in writing to Judge S. Todd, she nagged him to an extent that resulted in destroying their marital bliss. Yes, he explained, nagging via the manual alphabet, plus a generous admixture of everyday sign language, can be just as irritating and just as destructive as the spoken word. And he wanted a divorce.

MIAMI: His wife's jealousy, complained Dr. Julio J. DePoo, made him "a menace to the safety of the public" when he drove his car. "She turned the rear-view mirror upward," explained the physician, "so that I couldn't see any women on the street reflected in it." And if he glanced to right or left, added Dr. DePoo, his wife would harass him until he became so emotionally upset he hardly knew what he was doing.

WESTWOOD, N.J.: When Edmund S. Baird visited his wife at a communist camp near Wingdale, New York, and heard everyone calling everyone else Comrade, he was profoundly shocked. And when his wife not only refused to give up the Party but deserted him in order to devote all of her time to it, he told Advisory

Master Douglas Herr in Chancery Court, he definitely wanted a divorce. He received it.

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WESTCHESTER, PA.: Every man, thought William R. Bowen, is entitled to a reasonable amount of healthy recreation. His wife, however, did not seem to hold the same opinion. First she burned his fishing license. Then she effectually frustrated each and every attempt he made to go hunting. Mr. Bowen found a sympathetic ear at court, for Judge Ernest Harvey did not hesitate to grant the divorce he requested.

Los Angeles: His wife, according to David Simmons, stooped to rather shady tactics in an effort to prevent him from attending lodge meetings. She would wait until he was in the bathtub and then seize his clothes and ride off with them in the family car. He wanted a divorce.

FLORENCE, OHIO: John Sonk wanted a divorce as soon as possible. In fact, he thought he'd better get one right away. He alleged in his complaint that his wife was diluting his perfectly good whisky with lye.

WHY SHE DIVORCED HIM

Dedham, Mass.: Mrs. William L. Crooks was not particularly concerned as to whether her husband wore pajamas or the traditional nightshirt. Her problem was to induce him to remove, upon retiring for the night, the farm overalls he had worn all day. Encountering active opposition to this worthy project, Mrs. Crooks sued for and won a divorce.

CHICAGO: Mrs. Lillian Ashley is not given to complaining. But when her husband took her for a ride in his airplane, left the door open on her side and forthwith went into a series of stunts, she concluded that his intentions were none too friendly. Agreed, said the judge after listening to the account of her wild ride. And he granted her the divorce she sought.

MIAMI: Art was long and time was fleeting in the marital experience of Mrs. Washington Irving Levy. An ardent admirer of literature, and especially of poetry, Mr. Levy fell into the rather inconsiderate habit of reciting his favorite verses in bed, sometimes until the advent of the rosyfingered dawn. This was bad enough, complained Mrs. Levy, but to make matters worse her cultured spouse, in

order to insure the presence of a wideawake audience, forced her to repeat to him the last line of each stanza he recited. She wanted a divorce.

PORTLAND, MAINE: In view of the fact that she did not feel inclined to share their bedroom with 300 chickens—which her husband insisted on keeping there until they were "well feathered out"—Mrs. Cora P. Wilson asked for a divorce.

Los Angeles: Some wives very diplomatically close their eyes to the philandering of their husbands. But it was asking too much, complained Mrs. Bessie Polshow, when the groom requested permission to take another woman friend along with them on their honeymoon. Ensued a brief but thoroughly animated debate on the subject. The groom put his foot down: the lady friend must go along. But the bride had the last word—in court. And the divorce was granted.

ALBANY, N.Y.: Because her husband cleaned his motorcycle tires in the bathroom wash basin and scraped his shoes on the mantelpiece, an Albany housewife was granted a divorce for "aggravating treatment."

TO BE A GOOD MANAGER IN MARRIAGE, SUGGESTS ANDRE MAUROIS, CHART THE MOODS OF THOSE WITH WHOM YOU LIVE



DANGEROUS CORNER

NE evening after dinner a group of men and women sat talking pleasantly together in the living room of their host's home. Someone chanced to mention the name of a man they had all known before his death. His name evoked memories, and one of the women made a casual remark about something she remembered concerning him. Her remark seemed quite insignificant, but someone else, hearing it, asked her for an explanation of what she meant. His question led to another, and then to another, and before long a drama of suffering, tragedy and death was revealed in the quiet rooma story that might well have rested dead in the past, but that now, through one indiscreet remark, led to additional suffering. The indiscreet word unloosed the mechanism of disaster. How easily the

word might have remained unsaid, if only the woman uttering it had sensed its implications!

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J. B. Priestley has used this incident as the theme of a play which he calls *Dangerous Corner*. There are such corners in the lives of all of us. We can all remember at least one occasion when a chance remark decided our fate.

Happiness or unhappiness often depends on one word. Perhaps a husband and wife have been quarreling over trivial, foolish things that have become magnified far beyond their true importance. Perhaps it has carried them to the brink of divorce. Then one night they have dinner with some amusing, light-hearted friends, and the quarrel is forgotten, each one feels drawn to the other, at peace together again as they were before. They return to their home, and

with their new understanding they speak of the quarrel tolerantly, with compassion and forgiveness, as if it were something in the past. Now, careful! Now a clever woman, arriving home, should turn their conversation toward some quiet subject—books, or friends or, better, put her husband's arms around her and murmur to him, "Let's not talk any more." For the wound is still sore, and a single careless word would run the risk of arousing the old sorrow and halting, this time forever, the healing so happily begun. This is a dangerous corner to pass.

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A young man is proposing to the girl he loves. He tells her how much he adores her, and how happy they will be together if she will become his wife. She is not sure if she cares for him so deeply; perhaps there is someone else who loves her too; she cannot make up her mind between them. She feels that she is going to yield to him, that she is on the verge of saying yes. Dangerous corner! For in such a moment, when inclination is divided between two roads, only a skillful word will save everything and lose nothing. A second's thought, a careless word may mean a lifetime of happiness or sorrow; and the tragedy is that the moment will very likely never come back again.

Politics have their dangerous corners. When two countries have been stirred up against each other, when passions have been aroused by insults, and pride irritated by endless little annoyances, then one word may lead to war or to peace. Sometimes an arbitrator succeeds in persuading the two adversaries to have a final conversation with him. . . . Dangerous corner! Let the contending parties, in such conferences, watch their smallest words, for each is on the qui vive to take offense, or to suspect a trap in what is merely a precaution. I know nothing more tragic in history than moments, so brief, in which a smile, a gesture, a silence might lead to the road to peace whereby millions of men, women and children would be saved; or when, on the contrary, a moment of impatience, a sentence, unfortunately phrased, a word misunderstood will throw whole nations into disaster.

How may we pass dangerous corners? First we have to know them when we see them. That takes tact and imagination. In the course of an important conversation, we must make every effort to understand the point of view of the person to whom we are talking and to foresee the effect which a certain piece of information will have upon him. . . . Difficult, you say? Yes, of course, but not impossible. Any good lawyer knows that there are moments when the judge's mind wavers between severity and leniency. He understands which is which. He knows also what he should add at that moment or what conceal in order to swing the balance in his client's favor. To be a good lawyer in a marriage is to put ourselves in the place of the other partner, who is our judge. And to be a good lawyer in an international political argument is to put ourselves in the place of the adversary, who is judging us, just as we are judging him. It is by studying carefully the moods of those with whom we must live that we are able to recognize the dangerous corner where our happiness runs the risk of being smashed.

Having thus drawn the map of dangerous corners, we have still to learn how to avoid them, how to pass them without accidents. In driving a car, the secret is to go slowly, or to be a skilful driver. In conversation, to go slowly means to use the bridle of a commonplace vocabulary. "It's safe to be dull," an English statesman used to say, and in tense moments the rule is usually a workable one.

In the daily life of any household the dangerous corners are very familiar. It's always the same subjects of conversation that bring on the quarrels. Experienced people feel them coming, and take the necessary precautions. In a new friendship the dangerous corners are still uncharted. The best method then is to be natural. It is necessary to drive our cars and our lives in such a way that the driver coming in the opposite direction may be sure what we are going to do. Two timid people coming head-on get themselves tied up in a terrible accident. Two simple, natural people go straight along on their way, and, without thinking anything about it, pass the dangerous corner.

-André Maurois

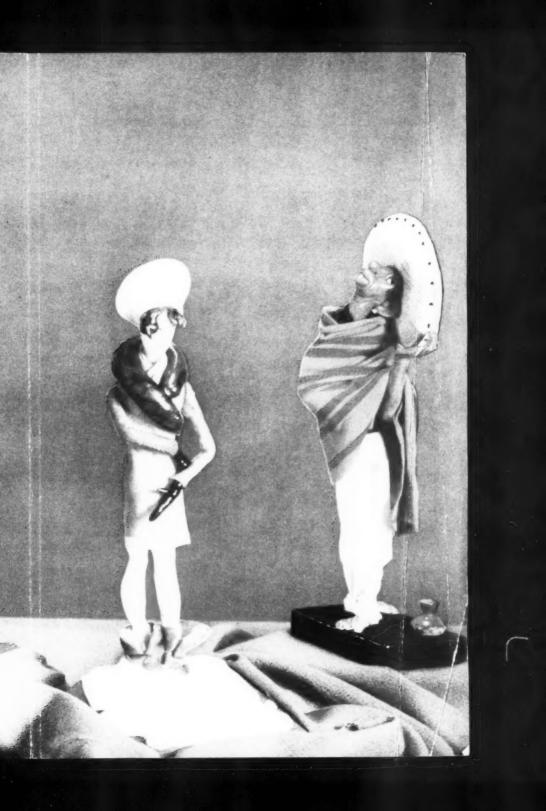
WAX SCULPTURES BY LUIS HIDALGO

Photographed in Color by Ilse Hoffman

Luis Hidalgo is a young Mexican sculptor who works in the most impermanent of mediums—wax. His tiny, brilliantly colored figures are world-famous, Some years ago he invaded New York and caught the metropolitan types of the roaring twenties in bright, relentles tones. He has since retired to his native heath, where he is interested in carving all sorts of Mexican types in wax that may turn out to be immortal—if they are kept in a cool place. The figurines shown in color on the facing gatefold are, from left to right, Mexican Dance, Driver, Flapper in the Snow and Peon

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MY OLD FRIEND





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THE SYMPHONY ARTIST



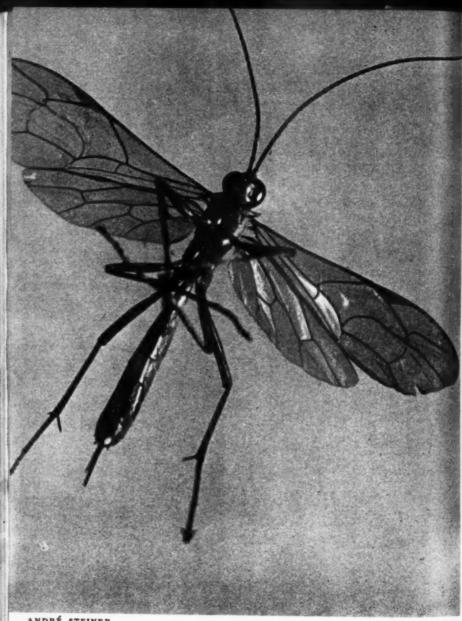
CORONET'S GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS

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PARIS

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WOODROW WILSON

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

TO BANBURY CROSS

AUGUST, 1940



ERNÖ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

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HAJEK HALKE

FROM C. ANDERS

BLOSSOMTIME

AUGUST, 1940



NICHOLLS

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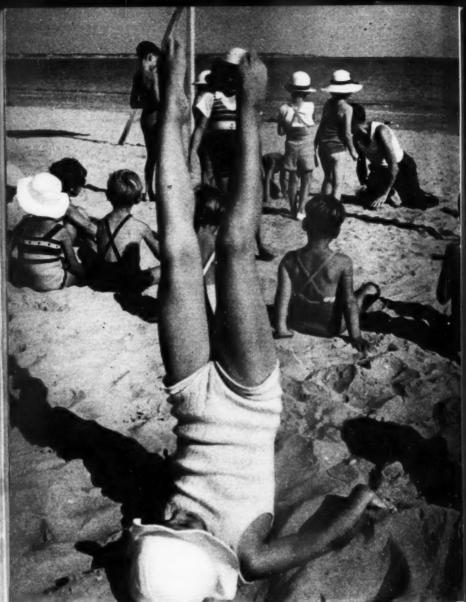


CARL MYDANS

FROM F. S. A.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

AUGUST, 1940



PIERRE JAHAN

EXHIBITIONIST

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PARIS



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FROM AUTHENTICATED NEWS

LITTLE ROMANY

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STEPHEN GREENE

E. H

BY AN OLD CHINESE PAGODA

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E. H. CASSIDY

SHIZUOKA, JAPAN

AFTER A JAPANESE PRINT

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PÉHER

FROM C. ANDERS

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JEAN REISSMANN

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SNUGGLE PUPS

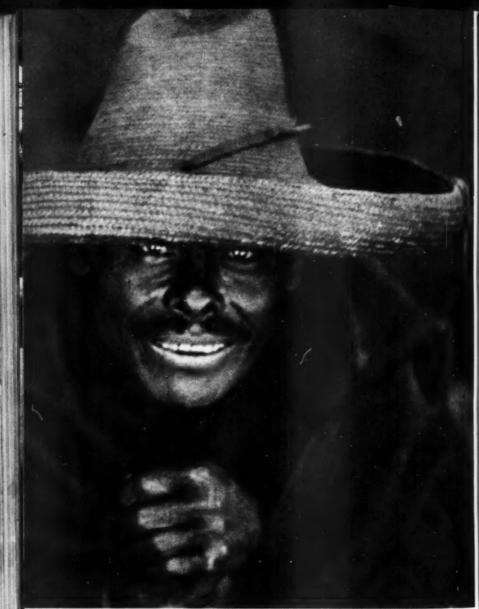
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PARIS

HANDOUT

AUGUST, 1940



HENRI CARTIER

PARIS

COCKFIGHTER

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

THE SAILOR MAN

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GOBELIN SHEPHERD

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PIERRE VERGER

FROM C. ANDERS

JAVANESE VESTAL

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ANDRÉ DE DIENES

NEW YORK

THE GOD NEVAJRA

AUGUST, 1940



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FROM C. ANDERS

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MAURICE TABARD

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KOLLAR

SANDPOCKED

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FROM BLACK STAR



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

PENDULA

AUGUST, 1940



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

STROLLING PLAYERS

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FROM SOVFOTO

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP

AUGUST, 1940



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

PHANTOM OF THE CIRCUS

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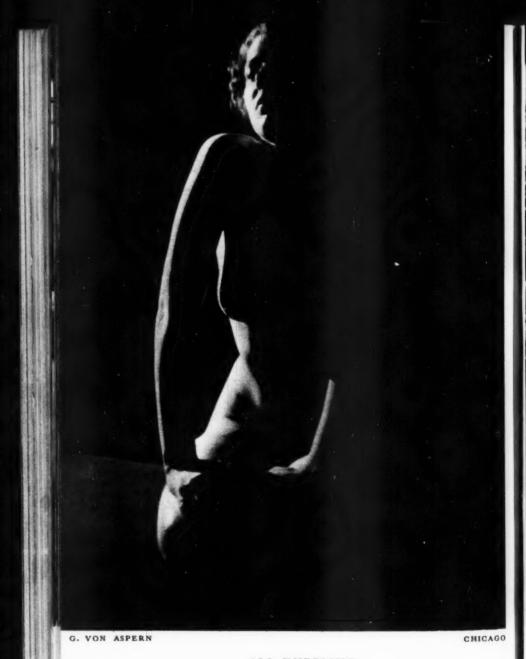
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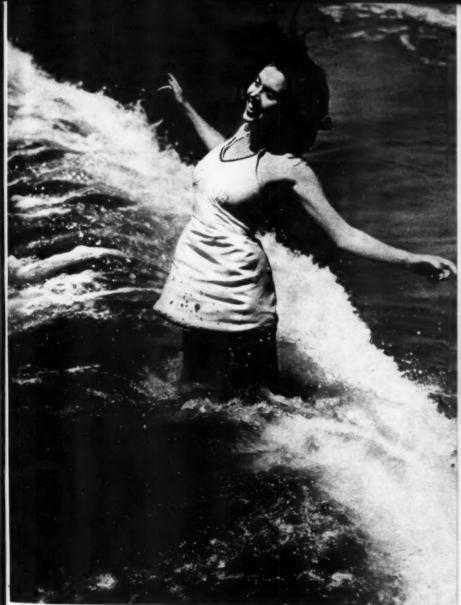
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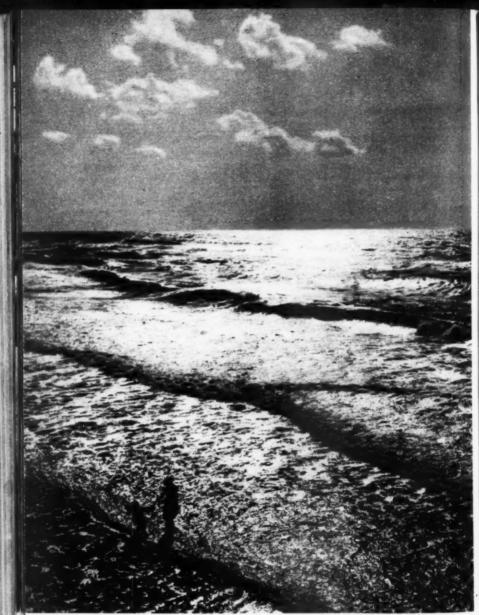
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FROM MONKEMEYER

SEA-GIRT

AUGUST, 1940



FORSTENZER

FROM MONKEMEYER

LAND'S END

CORONET

SOUNDS FAR-FETCHED, BUT STILL IT ISN'T A BAD IDEA TO LET THE DOCTOR CHECK YOUR VACATION PLANS



A VACATION HEALTH POLICY

COME along! If we rush, we can trek 10,000 miles in two weeks, we can climb Mt. Rainier and gape at Lake Mead, and nod to Mexico. And when we get home and to the office, everyone will understand when we complain, "We're worn out . . . just got back from our vacation. Got to test up now."

That's America speaking! America — giddy, over-exuberant, nervous, playing too hard. Contrast the attitude pictured above with that of the European before his holidays were interrupted by war. He'd invariably consult his physician before choosing his vacation-destination. He'd ask, "Where shall I go, Doctor? I want to store up health and energy to carry me through another year

But Americans are calming down. Of the 35,000,000 men,

women, and children in this country who'll forfeit \$5,000,000,000 on their right to go places and do things for an average of ten days this year, at least some will consider seriously the money they toss away on their vacations. They'll conclude that their expenditures should represent an investment to be paid back during months to come in dividends of health, energy, and perhaps a better economic status due to that added vigor. They won't get snarled in traffic jams. They won't "go where the Joneses go." They'll hark to the rising chorus of physicians who are advising them: Spend your vacation wisely.

Doctors, themselves, are just beginning to take more than a glancing interest in the vacation problem. The neglected condition of this country's spas—with a consequent transfer by wealthy Americans of some \$100,000,000 to spas abroad—led the American Medical Association last year to appoint a committee which is now investigating health resorts and watering places in this country.

These medical men are convinced that millions of us need prescriptions-for vacations. You needn't be acutely ill. You may have a capricious ailment that just needs pampering; or you may be one of a majority who's irritable and dulled by a long year in office or kitchen. But it's pretty safe to say you're looking forward to a vacation because you really need one. Other elements enter in - romance, adventure, that Jones familv-but this is the main reason most of us insist on our vacation privileges. And doctors contend that if we would only consult them -instead of the next-door neighbor or Cousin Ed-before we depart, we wouldn't be dragging into their offices when we return to find out why we feel worse now, than before!

One allergist told us of a man who squandered time and money on a vacation, all because he never thought to consult his doctor. The man, who was allergic to dust and ragweed, heard that Florida is not only rain-less, but practically pollen-less. With glee, around about August, he packed his bags and left his friends sneezing and blearyeved in New York. He leased a house in Florida for his stay. It was a nice little house, and the only trouble was that the instant he stepped across the threshold, he began to Ah-choo more furiously than his friends back home. He retreated to a local doctor, to hear, for the first time, this story: Why, wondered doctors in Florida, did they have so many patients allergic to house dust and so few poisoned by pollens-the exact reverse of figures from up North? So they swept up some dust and sent it off to topnotch allergists in Brooklyn, Cleveland, and Chicago. The allergists in those cities filtered off extracts of the dust and slipped a drop under an obliging person's skin. Sure enough, the dust from Florida was far more potent than their local dusts. Naturally, the unfortunate man never guessed!

This same allergist jocularly told another pollen-hater who sought his advice about a refuge, "You'd probably be better off, right at home." The woman took him literally. When the time for her vacation rolled around, she stocked up on groceries and reading matter, just as though she

were going to the South Pole. Then she had the windows of her air-conditioned apartment sealed, and locked herself in. Two weeks later she emerged, rested and radiant, boasting she hadn't sneezed once!

From specialists and from various doctors who are making a hobby out of prescribing vacations, we've culled a few pointers for you. Naturally, you'll want to consult a physician before making any final plans, because every case differs. But here are a few thought-provokers:

If you're allergic, find out what causes your allergy and plan your vacation accordingly. If ragweed pollen aggravates you most, as it does millions of sufferers, then you should know that there's none in California, Arizona, most of New Mexico and Nevada. If you live in the East, there are restricted spots, such as Fire Island off Long Island, parts of New Hampshire, the central Adirondacks, where the weed either doesn't grow or has been wiped out. Or you might take a chance on Miami. An east wind keeps it free of pollen while at Coral Gables, only seven miles away, slides exposed to the air usually pick up pollen. It's a good idea to remember that the further west you go in Florida, the more

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pollen there is in the air. And don't, in any case, make too elaborate plans-you might get down there and discover you're devastated by some local product, like Spanish moss. The same warning applies for any spot. That's why some allergics choose a roving vacation. If you want to be sure, have your doctor test you first for the principal offenders in the vicinity you plan to visit. You can also get tables, detailing the time every pollen starts to blow, from the Academy of Medicine in New York or probably from your state or local board of health.

If you've that wan, anemic look, one authority recommends a sojourn in the mountains or at any high elevation, such as Denver, which is one mile above sea level. This is his theory: For some reason -usually because of chronic hemorrhage or the wrong food-you haven't enough blood or the kind you have doesn't boast enough hemoglobin. Now when you get up to a high altitude there's less oxygen in the air, so the red blood cells obligingly multiply in order to tote more oxygen to every part of your body. It's definitely proven that both red blood cells and hemoglobin increase in a rare atmosphere-but whether you can survive the potent effects of a high altitude or whether it will help you, is something for your doctor to decide.

If you have heart difficulties, doctors generally advise you to stay away from high altitudes. Don't even go to low altitudes, where there are hills to climb. Stick to flat areas, like parts of Florida, the New Jersey shore, and the coast and valleys of southern California. You must be forced to be lazy, so a somewhat humid climate is good for you.

If you have diabetes, you'll usually fare better in a warm climate, away from the city. Not because climate affects you directly, but because it has the indirect result of dulling your appetite, calming you down, and protecting you from colds. If you can't discipline yourself about over-eating, the weatherman will!

If you have respiratory upsets, if you have bronchitis, chronic sinus trouble, frequent colds, or if you're recovering from pneumonia, then head for the plateaus of Arizona and New Mexico near the northern borders. People with tuberculosis flock to the Southwest, too, but often do better where the air is a bit colder, providing there's plenty of sunshine. Denver and Colorado Springs are good retreats, and in the East there's Saranac

Lake, in New York State, a mile above sea level. The mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont are considered all right, too.

If you have "pains in your joints," you probably know more about the weather than the United States Weather Bureau. But the knowledge doesn't make you happy! Scientists are reluctantly admitting that Grandpa's left leg is probably as good a barometer as Grandpa swears it is. When the barometric pressure drops, they think there's a change in the circulatory system which leads Grandpa to rub his leg and accurately forecast, "Storm's brewing." Obviously, then, sufferers from arthritis and rheumatism will get the best vacation in a climate where the barometer isn't always soaring and sliding. Doctors sometimes suggest Arizona, New Mexico, or the West Indies.

You're the individual, too, who benefits most from "taking the waters." Don't think you must cross the ocean to visit a spa. America is just beginning to realize that it has nearly 9,000 health resorts—yet because they've been generally ignored by the medical profession, only a handful are comparable to the highly-efficient, government-sponsored institutions that are normally so successful

abroad. In America, there's Arkansas Hot Springs run by the Federal Government; Saratoga Springs controlled by New York State; the State of Wyoming's Big Horn; and the State of West Virginia's Berkeley. Health is supposed to be the primary object, rather than profit. There are also outstanding privately-owned institutions, such as Arrowhead Springs in California, Hot Springs in Virginia, and White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia. The important thing to remember is that you must have medical supervision at such resorts.

Medical science has never been quite sure whether the mineral waters do any good, but nearly every authority agrees that the life that's led at spas is a real tonic, not only for people with joint diseases, but for individuals who have heart or digestive disturbances, or for the "tired business man." Regular and rightly planned meals, discreet exercise, languorous music, baths and massage, ten o'clock bedtime, relief from distraction and responsibility-everything, in short, that you don't get at home you get there.

As for those people who are "just weary and wilted"—their needs differ. Try, first, analyzing what you're escaping from — for

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every vacation is, in a sense, an escape. Is it from overwork, from sitting still, from the minutiae of daily living, from a nagging wife? Almost anyone, by exercising a little common sense, can find his own answer. It's not helping matters much, for instance, for a husband to drag his nagging wife along; or for a housewife who's sick to death of ordering groceries to settle down in a housekeeping shack at the lake, varying her old routine only by cooking extra amounts for the kids' chums and taming an old wood stove. If you're tense and overwrought, you need a relaxing vacation, perhaps at a "rest farm" or on a cruise to the tropics. If you've been putting on pounds, chained at a desk, chances are you should go north, to a place where you can rise early, ride horseback, swim, walk a lot.

What most people fail to realize is the effect climate has on them. You may not be conscious of it, but it does exert a subtle control over you and only a doctor can warn you, in advance, what tricks it may play on you. One doctor divides all climate into two sorts: the sedative and the stimulating.

In a sedative climate, the weather is even, wind-less, soothing. Tampa, Florida, canopied for

weeks by cloudless skies, is a good illustration. All of the southern part of the United States is considered sedative, and people who are delicate, nervous, or aged are sent there.

The United States boasts one of the most stimulating climates to be found on the globe-and that's the region of the Great Lakes. In a stimulating climate, the winds are heady, the barometer shifty, the temperature violently unexpected. From the Pacific coast, across the northern part of the country, to New England, where its fury abates somewhat, the climate is vastly challenging. If you need stirring up, if you're pudgy and require exercise, this is the climate for you. People whose nerves are "all shot" should stay away.

When you sit down with your maps and travel folders one of

these days, just remember that if you need a vacation at all—and we'll swear that you'll vow that you do—you need one that will help you recoup your winter losses, physiologically speaking. Don't be ashamed to consider your health. It's high time a great many exhausted Americans forgot their compulsion to live up to this country's traditions of restlessness and ruggedness, and began to be more realistic about this business of spending vacations.

-HELEN MORGAN

-Suggestions for further reading:

AMERICAN VACATIONS by Larry Nixon \$2.50 Little, Brown & Co., Boston

THE VACATION GUIDE

by R. S. Benjamin
Whittlesey House, New York

ISLANDS OF ADVENTURE
by Karl Baarslag

l Baarslag \$3.00 Farrar & Rinehart, New York

by George W. Martin

George W. Martin \$2.50 D. Appleton-Century Co., New York

SIGNATURE EXPERT

In his pulpit Henry Ward Beecher once opened a letter addressed to him and on the sheet of paper was written the one word "Fool." He mentioned the incident to his congregation, and then quietly added: "Now I have known

many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name; but as far as I can recall this is the only instance I have ever seen of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

-PAUL B. DAVIS

We live two lives—our "real" life and our dream life. Of course, no one has ever succeeded in proving why the word "real" should be applied to one life and not the other. Leaving such questions to annoy philosophers, here are a few sidelights on our other life.

YOUR OTHER LIFE

Only in our other life can seconds actually become years. When Maury, French psychologist, was a child, he was awakened by a piece of moulding falling from the wall and striking him across the neck. His mother, who was standing beside the bed, said that he awoke in an instant.

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Yet during that instant Maury dreamed a complete and logical series of events, taking place during the French revolution and requiring months for their enactment. From the first event, the sequence led him inevitably to the guillotine.

He lived through the Terror, became embroiled in intrigue, was brought before a tribunal and convicted. He then appeared before the leaders of the revolution, and being unable to convince them of his innocence, was sent to the guillotine. Just as the knife was dropped, he awoke.

Yet it all happened in an instant— Greenwich standard time.



Through a typically distorted dream landscape walked the sleeping ego of Dr. Adele A. Gleason, who in waking life was a physician at an Elmira, New York, sanatorium. In her dream she came to a gnarled tree. There she was met by a man whom, in waking life, she knew well. Without saying a word, the man took hold of the gnarled tree and began shaking it. Instantly the leaves turned to flames.

Dr. Gleason awoke and at once made a notation of the dream, carefully recording the man's name and the approximate time at which the dream occurred.

Several days later she met the man in question. "I had a dream about you . . ." she began.

The man stopped her—and himself recited the incidents of the dream, describing the landscape, the gnarled tree, and how the leaves turned to flame when the tree was shaken. He had dreamed the same dream, except that the scene was observed from his point of view. He too had written down the dream, and noted the time. The two dreams had occurred at the same instant. Even in our other life we may meet friends—and carry away the memory of the meeting.



ALTHOUGH the fine art of repartee seldom flourishes in our sleeping life, it does occasionally invade the dream world. Percy G. Stiles livens a discussion of dreams with one of his own in which the well-turned phrase was conspicuous by its presence.

Stiles was in the midst of a type of dream common to most of us, in which we go about more or less undressed. In this particular dream Stiles, wearing only a nightshirt, was in the center of a formally dressed gathering.

A man walked up to him, thought-

fully surveyed the nightshirt and said:
"Well, I suppose you may call that
evening dress."



You don't expect to find a severed hand on the mantel—even in your other life of dreams. When Frederick Greenwood, outstanding English journalist of the nineteenth century, dreamed of such an experience, he quite naturally woke up.

In his dream he had been waiting in a drawing room. Leaning on the mantel, his hand touched something strangely cold. It was a woman's severed hand.

The day following the dream he made a call on some unimportant matter of business and was shown into a drawing room. He strolled towards the mantel, and was suddenly struck with the similarity of the room to the one in his dream. His eyes darted to the fireplace.

There on the mantel was the hand of a mummy, broken at the wrist. It was a small hand, obviously that of a woman.

Greenwood had never seen such a hand before. He had never been in the room before—at least not in his "real" life.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

WHEN ADAM DELVED AND EVE SPAN: A STORY OF LONG AGO



IN THE GARDEN OF SLEEP

"I"s too hot to wrestle," Seth demurred.

"Then let's play ball."

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"It's too hot for that, too. Tell you, Amos, let's go over and listen to Grandfather."

"Aw! You and Grandfather!" the younger boy complained. "He just talks."

"Yes, but the stories he tells," Seth urged, his eyes bright. "Yesterday he told of the first time he ever saw wolves. He called to them and they came over and he patted their heads."

Amos looked incredulously at his elder brother. He tossed his black-maned head and glanced toward the pasture. "He sure tells whoppers! If he can pat wolves on the head why doesn't he do somethin' about that pack of wolves that sneaks in and raids the sheep-fold nearly every night?"

"Well, that was long ago."

"Everything he tells was long ago. He says that once he used to sleep out in the open under a tree with a lion to guard him. When I tell stories they say, 'Amos is fibbin' again!' "

"But that was long ago!" Seth protested. "In the olden days things really happened."

"No wonder you're the favorite grandson," Amos scoffed.

But Seth put one arm about his brother's shoulders and pleaded earnestly with him as they strolled over the low hills where the sheep were grazing.

Under the spell of the soft words the stubbornness left Amos' face. "All right," he murmured. "I'll go with you—If you race me over to the stone seat."

"But I can't run."

"Either you race or I don't go."

Reluctantly Seth agreed. At Amos' cry they leaped forward and began to run through the wooded glen and toward the garden. Seth puffed as he ran, perspiration breaking on his forehead and temples. Amos ran smoothly and kept barely a yard ahead of his brother to encourage him.

"You run like a camel," the younger lad teased. "C'mon, catch up!"

They dashed through the opening in the hedge, and across the clearing. Suddenly Amos began to sprint and left Seth behind. Swift and graceful as an antelope he sped between the trees. He bounded down the serpentine path and leaped over the narrow brook. But his foot turned on a pebble, and he tumbled to the ground before the lichen-covered stone seat where the Grandfather rested in the heat of the day.

The old man, white hair massed on his crown and spread fanwise for a beard, was seated regally. As Amos sprawled before him, his head jerked as though he had been dozing and was now jarred awake. From under lofty white eyebrows he peered suspiciously at the lad.

"What's this!" he rumbled. "What's this! Who disturbs me?" "It's Amos, Grandfather."

"Ah, Amos, the playful, the

fleet, who gambols like a lamb and gives no thought to his elders."

Contritely Amos got to his feet, his eyes held fascinated by the old man's appearance. "I am sorry, Grandfather. I didn't know you were sleeping."

"Not sleeping!" the Grandfather exclaimed sternly. He stared into the distance. "To the thoughtless, meditation and reflection is Sleep, the father of Death."

"Seth and I were racing to get here—"

"Seth! Where is he?"

"Here I am, Grandfather," Seth puffed forward. "We came to hear you tell a tale of the olden days."

The old man's expression softened as he gazed at the redhaired youth. "Blessed are they who listen to their elders," he declared. "Have I ever told of that night long ago, the first night after we fell out of grace, when your Grandmother—may she rest in peace!—and I dared to try to re-enter the sacred garden?"

"No, Grandfather, no!" cried Seth, "Tell it."

"Tell it, Grandfather!" Amos echoed surlily.

The patriarch's lips curled in a wistful smile. "I shall never forget it. I was so young in those days, like you—so callow. I could not

believe that all the world had not been created solely to amuse me." The white head moved slowly from side to side. "What one does not understand in one's youth! All of that first day we lay hidden in a little cave outside Eden. She sobbed as though her heart would burst, and even I was frightened. Like children we consoled each other. What had gone before-we could hardly believe that it was over. All night long the beasts of the forest roared and trumpeted. Formerly they had been our friends and we had known no fear. Now there was a hostile, hungry quality in their cries." He knotted his great gnarled fists and set them on his knees. His eyes were clouded with a blue mist.

"Tell, Grandfather!" both youths urged. Even Amos seemed entranced with the tale.

"Patience, patience!" the old man murmured. He passed a hand over his brow. "It seemed I was back there again . . . Then the morning came and we knew hunger. I left her and went out to gather fruits and edible herbs. A serpent appeared over a rock, but it slithered away with not even a glance toward me. The small animals, the foxes, the lynxes, the jackals, peered out at me, but I knew they feared and mistrusted

me now. Returning to the cave, I saw a lion crouching over a slain fawn. Now it was I who was filled with fear. I ran through the brush. Even the thorns and the gnats were hostile.

"When I told your Grandmother that it was a different world we were in she wept bitterly . . . You do not remember her, your Grandmother. She was so fair. None of her daughters ever had all her carriage and charm.

"Well I remember how her tears moved me." His eyes twinkled. "That much all her daughters inherited . . . I was stirred, and promised to try mightily to return to the sacred garden and to win our way back.

"There was a full moon to guide us that night as we left the cave and plunged into the forest. I held her hand and led her step by step, holding back the sharp branches so that they would not scratch her lovely face and shoulders. At last we came to a river. Boldly I waded it, carrying her upon my backhow strong I was in my youth!and set her down gently. We climbed the side of a steep hill, and before us in the moonlight lay the sacred garden. Together we stood there and held our breaths. A low cloud concealed the center of it where the great trees had been and where we had once lived so blissfully. But we could make out the hedges that encircled the garden. There the tiger and the lion cubs had been used to tumbling in the grasses. There—

"We crept along the hedge until we came to the space where the gates had been. We summoned our courage, rose and walked forward. At this moment a fierce chorus of animal sounds, a roaring and bellowing and hissing, broke loose in the woods behind us. Even the beasts conspired against us. We trembled and hurried on, but suddenly there in the gates stood a flaming sword. The light that came from it was a ghastly blue, and its heat seared our faces and arms. We shuddered and retreated. I held her close to me and tried to slip around it, but the flaming sword turned this way and that and filled the entire gateway, and we could not enter. Shaken with fear we went back into the woods and waited, but the sword remained, a horrible watcher over the gates. At last my cunning came to me, and we moved silently through the dark and along the hedges until we could no longer see the flaming sword. Then stealthily we began to climb the hedge. Alone I might have leaped it. I put my arm about her . . .

"We had barely gained a foothold when a white cherub appeared. 'Go back!' he warned us harshly. 'Back! You are forever forbidden here!'

"We hesitated, for I had recognized him. How often we had spent the days together before I had had any other companion. We had truly been dear friends. On one occasion we had wrestled playfully—as you do, Amos—and I had thrown him. Now I pleaded with him, but he would not listen. I called on him in the name of our older friendship. But he had only one reply: 'Back! You are forbidden here!'

"I could not believe that he really meant to be so stern. I left your grandmother and scrambled up the side of the hedge, with full intent to grapple with him and to throw him again. If we could only reach the interior of the garden I knew that there under the great trees of life and knowledge we could make our peace— But as I reached him the cherub thrust out his staff. It seemed that a bolt had struck me. I fell and a dark hand wiped away my consciousness."

"What then?" the youths at his feet cried, tense with absorption. The old man licked at his lips. "When I awoke it was the day. Your Grandmother was bathing my forehead and rubbing my temples. I raised myself and looked about me. The hedges were gone, the gates were gone, the sword was gone, the garden was gone!" He eyed them and sat back with dignity. "Many days we wandered in search of it. Alas! It was nowhere in our whole world any longer."

"But you have a garden here!" Amos declared stoutly.

The Grandfather nodded. "A garden I built myself to sit in and dream of the olden days." His eyelids began to droop and he was silent. Behind the stone-seat, birds began to twitter.

"Hush!" whispered Seth. "Grandfather is napping."

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Quietly the youths withdrew one by one.

"That was a good story," Amos murmured as they walked back down the path between the trees. "He really tells the tales."

"What do you mean, 'tells' them?" his elder brother reproached him. "That was the truth!"

Amos grinned. "And it was," he said easily. "Flaming sword, fighting a cherub— Ay, everything he spins is the truth."

Seth stared angrily at the darkhaired lad, who began to sprint gracefully down the path and toward the fields that lay in the sunlight.

—Louis Zara

Mr. Zara is the author of the best-selling historical novel "This Land Is Ours" and is the winner of the current Award of the Chicago Foundation for Literature. He has been a contributor to Coronet since Vol. I, No. 1.

CLASS DISTINCTION

One day during the French Revolution, a throng of civilians filled the street and threatened to delay the progress of the marching soldiers. The commanding officer was about to order his men to fire when a young lieutenant asked if he might appeal to the crowd. His

superior agreed and the young officer rode to the head of the regiment. Doffing his hat, he addressed the people: "Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire," he said, "for I am ordered to shoot the rabble." The street was cleared quickly without disorder. —HOWARD KIRK

A REPORT-FROM A NEUTRAL CORNER-ON THE LIVELIER ARTS...BY CARLETON SMITH

GRACE NOTES AND OVERTONES

CORONETS:

To the Sibelius Society for Album No. 6, including En Saga, In Memoriam, The Bard, Suite from Pelleas and Melisande.

To Toscanini's latest protégé, Jarmila Novotna (who, however, has more musicianship and charm than voice).

To juggler Massimiliano Truzzi for his 12-minute solo spot under Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey tent; he has a personality like a dish of flashlight powder.

To Serge Koussevitzky for his scheduled Tschaikowsky contribution to the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Lenox, Mass., Aug. 1-18.

To Rudolph Ganz for his Saturday morning children's concerts broadcast from Carnegie Hall; he's a huge success with his ready wit and gay chuckle.

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To the coming Chicago Opera Season, sure to be the greatest since Insull days.

THORNS:

To Dorothy Thompson for her theatrical essay, Another Sun.

To Grace Moore's new Connecticut vocal studio, now conducting auditions at \$15 a windpipe; if there's any singer's art that should not be passed on to posterity, it's Miss Moore's.

To Jan Kiepura for his ham-acting.

SO THEY SAY:

President Vargas of Brazil: "It seems to me the best thing to increase Brazil's prestige abroad would be to start a school for Carmen Mirandas." Ezio Pinza: "There are three kinds of actors—those who create, those who imitate, those who can't."

Pitts Sanborn on the Metropolitan Opera's Faust: "The best of the cast was the prompter who, while never visible, was always audible, which is more than could be said for the singers, who, while always visible, were never audible."

Katharine Cornell, returning from 13 months on the road: "You can't fool people, no matter where you're playing. They know good theatre."

CULINARY:

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Smoking was forbidden after the dinner of Les Amis d'Escoffier, New York's incomparable gourmets, because, according to epicurean principles, smoking destroys the effect of food and wines.

Ginger is the flavor of a new ice cream sauce; tiny bits of ginger dot the sauce and honey sweetens it.

Golden caviar that in the sunlight gives off the glint of the Rheingold sells for \$100 per pound; before 1905 all golden caviar went to the Czar.

Extract from Philatelic Calendar:

1-cent composer—Stephen Foster

3-cent composer—Victor Herbert

5-cent composer — Edward Mac-

10-cent composer—Ethelbert Nevin

INVETERATE:

Night-clubber—Franchot Tone Cinema-addicts—Dmitri Mitropoulos and Kirsten Flagstad Advertiser—Leopold Stokowski Pipe-smoker—Francis Henry Taylor, new director of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

STRIGTLY INCIDENTAL:

Venezuelans notified Hollywood that Robert Taylor was a better type than Clark Gable for the role of their liberator, Simon Bolivar.

U.S. price asked by face-painter Brockhurst is \$15,000 per portrait.

Ilka Chase, ex-wife of Louis Calhern, had personal calling cards made when married to him; after they called it quits, and Julia Hoyt became the new Mrs. C., Ilka forwarded the cards to Julia with this memorandum: "I hope they reach you in time."

Eddy Duchin usually plays the late Mrs. Duchin's favorite song, More Than You Know, when he is called upon for a bow in public performances.

No. 1 manuscript of a living author: three pages of Thomas Mann's almost illegible microscopic scribbling, which fetched \$1,000 at auction.

The best-liked symphony of WQXR listeners is Beethoven's Fifth.

Wanda Toscanini Horowitz left the Carnegie Hall green room after Rudolf Serkin's performance of the Emperor Concerto exclaiming: "It's too hot here"... The classic prototype of this occurred years ago when Elman and the late Leopold Godowski attended the debut of Heifetz; after a time, Mischa squirmed and said: "My, but it's hot here." "Not for pianists," replied Godowski.

WELCOMING YOU BACK TO NATURE WITH ASSORTED QUERIES. PLUS A GATEFOLD PICTURE QUESTION



HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

COME people dislike music, others O don't like dogs, and so on down a long list of pet peeves. But nobody hates flowers. These objects of universal affection, together with other forms of plant life, provide the subject matter of

this quiz. It's a tough one for nonexperts, but also an illuminating one. A score of 54 is fair, 66 is good, and 80 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 136. The bonus question below gives you a potential head start.

BONUS QUESTION

This question - naming the flowers pictured on the adjoining gatefold-should be taken first to avoid peeking, since the identifications appear on a subsequent page. After compiling your list, as explained on the flap of the gatefold, allow yourself one point for each flower correctly identified. The total number of points thus earned is to be added, as a bonus, to your score on the 50 questions that follow.

1. Which is the best lie for a per-

fect garden site:

- (a) A shaded level stretch of land; (b) The south slope of a gentle hill; (c) Moist river-bank land
- 2. A lawn is rarely weedy if: (a) It is deeply shaded; (b) It is moved regularly; (c) It is well fed
- 3. A biennial generally blooms: (a) In its first year; (b) In its second year; (c) For two years
- 4. A common sign of disease in a plant is:
 - (a) Dying petals; (b) Twist-

CORONET



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Underneath this flap there grows what is probably the world's strangest garden. But you may find, if you are in a mood to probe your store of knowledge, that this garden serves its purpose only too well. You are asked to name as many of the flowers shown on the colored seed packages as you can. To jog the memory, the names of these flowers are given in scrambled order below. After compiling your list, turn the page for the correct answers. Instructions for scoring are given in the quiz on the facing page.

Marigold	Cosmos	Forget-me-not
Sunflower	Poppy	Sweet William
Cockscomb	Phlox	Nasturtium
Snapdragon	Pansy	Carnation
Morning-glory	Daisy	Sweet Pea
Bachelor's-button	Aster	Petunia





ed stems; (c) Pallor of leaves

- 5. Wheat rust is caused by:
 - (a) Dampness; (b) Parasites; (c) Locusts
- 6. Broccoli's edible portion is:
 - (a) Seeds; (b) Leaves; (c) Flower shoots
- 7. Bamboo is a:
 - (a) Tree; (b) Flower; (c) Grass
- 8. The outstanding characteristic of most evergreens is:
 - (a) They keep their foliage all winter; (b) Their needlelike leaves; (c) Their cones
- 9. Everlastings are plants:
 - (a) That bloom forever; (b) That bloom for many years;
 - (c) That retain shape and color when dried
- 10. When planting house-plants it is better to:
 - (a) Use the largest possible pots; (b) Use the smallest possible ones; (c) Use very shallow ones
- 11. Sweet corn originated in:
 - (a) England; (b) Ireland;
 - (c) America
- 12. Which of the following three is known for his contribution to the study of plants:
 - (a) Linneus; (b) Julian Huxley; (c) Pavlov
- 13. Heliotrope is so named because:
 - (a) Of its color; (b) Of its

- fragrance; (c) It turns toward the sun
- 14. The Poinsettia originated in which country:
 - (a) Mexico; (b) France;
 - (c) Iceland
- 15. A flower obtains some of its nourishment by means of its:
 - (a) Stem; (b) Leaves; (c) Petals
- 16. For which of the following reasons might flowers be injurious in the sick room:
 - (a) They use up a lot of oxygen; (b) They give out a large quantity of carbon dioxide; (c) Some flowers have too sweet a fragrance
- 17. Photosynthesis means:
 - (a) Reproductive function of plants;(b) Plant photography;(c) Food assimilation through leaves
- 18. Fertilizing agent in plants is:
 - (a) Ovule; (b) Pollen; (c) Carpel
- 19. Asparagus' edible part is:
 - (a) Spring shoot; (b) Root;
 - (c) Stem
- 20. The average apple tree continues to produce fruit for:
 - (a) 12 years; (b) 100 years;
 - (c) 40 years
- 21, A watermelon is ripe if:
 - (a) Its skin is heavily mottled; (b) It gives forth a dull sound when thumped;

- (c) It emits a ringing sound
- 22. If a potted plant needs water:
 - (a) The pot will feel warm;
 - (b) The topsoil will be dry;
 - (c) The pot will make a ringing sound when tapped
- 23. Which of the following is not a means of inducing propagation in plants:
 - (a) Grafting; (b) Pruning;
 - (c) Division
- 24. The edible part of a beet is its:
 - (a) Fruit; (b) Seed; (c) Root
- 25. In gardening, bedding is:
 - (a) Massing of plants; (b) Soil; (c) Fertilizer
- 26. Which of the following is not an agent of pollinization:
 - (a) Wind; (b) Insects; (c)
- 27. If plants in the house turn brown:
 - (a) The air is too hot and dry; (b) The roots are crowded; (c) The sunlight is too irregular
- 28. The sowing of sweet peas should begin during:
 - (a) Spring; (b) Summer;
 - (c) Autumn
- 29. Celery's edible portion is its:
 (a) Stem; (b) Leaf-stalks;
 - (c) Roots
- 30. For use in a salad, dandelions receive a rating from the experts of:

- (a) Fair; (b) Excellent; (c) Inedible
- 31. Grafting is usually done in:
 - (a) Autumn; (b) Spring;
 - (c) Summer
- 32. Aquatic plants are vital to aquarium life by providing:(a) Air; (b) Food; (c)Shelter
- 33. A recent important development in plant growing is:
 - (a) The use of vitamin B1;
 - (b) Grafting; (c) Cross-pollinization
- 34. The early cultivation of the art of flower arranging is usually associated with:
 - (a) Incas; (b) Japanese; (c) Saxons
- 35. The tulip is associated with:
 (a) India; (b) Iran; (c)
- 36. If you touch the terminal leaves of a mimosa, the leaves:

Netherlands

- (a) Close up; (b) Wither; (c) Sting
- 37. The unusual feature of a pitcher-plant is that it:
 - (a) Pours water; (b) Devours insects; (c) Throws its seeds
- 38. A hardy plant is one which:
 (a) Will withstand extremes of temperature;
 (b) Blossoms frequently;
 (c) Is
- strong
 39. Which of the following meth-

ods helps to inure plants to frost:

- (a) Raising them in greenhouses; (b) Feeding them nitrates to stimulate growth;
- (c) Checking their growth by withholding water
- 40. A weed is:
 - (a) A species of especially hardy plants; (b) A plant out of place; (c) A parasite
- 41. Expert opinion about garden fences is that:
 - (a) Good fences make good gardens; (b) It is undemocratic to fence our gardens; (c) Enclosures are unnatural
- 42. Which of the following is true of a winter snowfall:
 - (a) It is harmful because it freezes the soil; (b) When it melts it drowns plant roots;
 - (c) It helps the soil retain its nitrogen
- 43. A plant can grow well in a small pot because:
 - (a) Its roots are small; (b) It obtains more nourishment from air than from earth; (c) It is more protected
- 44. For plants in the house the air is better if:

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(a) There are fewer plants to share it; (b) There are quite a few plants near one another; (c) The air is kept warm and dry

- 45. In a home with gas heating:
 - (a) Plants grow larger; (b) Plants' color is affected; (c) Plants will not thrive
- 46. The most successful house plants are:
 - (a) Foliage plants;(b) Flowering plants;(c) Aquatic plants
- 47. Which is the best type of soil for roses:
 - (a) Gravel; (b) Muddy soil; (c) Heavy soil
- 48. To prevent the intrusion of grass roots and still afford convenience in picking and cultivating, rose beds should be:
 - (a) Between 3 and 5 feet wide; (b) Between 5 and 7 feet wide; (c) Between 7 and 9 feet wide
- 49. The best method of protecting tree roses for the winter is by:
 - (a) Wrapping them in burlap; (b) Bending them over and burying the top; (c) Uprooting and storing them
- 50. In tree surgery, branches should be cut close to the trunk of a tree because:
 - (a) Otherwise the remaining stub would become diseased; (b) It is easier to make a clean cut at that point; (c) The bark is less apt to peel

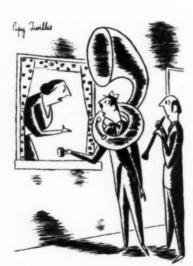
SWINGING THE ARTS:



"Gold!"



"Haven't you got ber lips a little too full, Carter?"



"I've got the whole Detroit Symphony right in my living room and they ain't asking a cent!"



"I only took this job to get material for a new novel I'm writing!"

EIGHT INTERPRETATIONS IN SLAPSTICK



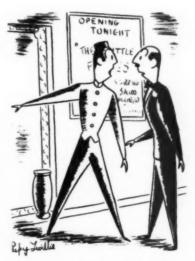
"Whadya mean 'Barn Dance'? Did you have reservations for Shakespeare's 'As You Like It'?"



"May I bave this dance?"



"Know bim? Wby I went with bim from 'Anthony Adverse' right up to 'Grapes of Wrath'!"



"The actors, sir—they just walked out on the critics!"

YOUR CHEEKS WOULD BE ABNORMALLY RUDDY IF YOU WERE ONE OF THE BRIDGE EXPERTS DESCRIBED HEREIN



DOUBLECROSSING MR. HOYLE

There is no other game, indoor or out, which compares with Contract Bridge as a test of real sportsmanship. No other game has so many followers. And no other game has aroused more fanatical supporters of this or that "system."

This universal interest in the game has provided a rich field for exploiters, including some of the so-called experts and over-advertised winners of tournaments. Indeed, contract has, in many, many instances, ceased to be a gentleman's game.

Not that these experts make a practice of cheating, not that they are not gentlemen, or at least have not that veneer which is so often mistaken for the real thing. Oh, nothing like that! They know that they must not cheat. They know they must avoid every appearance of evil. But these experts, who

neither toil nor spin but somehow prosper, know every flick of the eyelash, every rising inflection, every move or hesitation made by the other, so that, in the long run, they could not make much money taking in one another's washing. They must depend on townfolks and strangers, the general public which is lured by clever publicity into following their systems of bidding, buying their books, taking their lessons, or having the honor of playing with them.

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I happen to know what I am talking about because I have been playing Whist, Auction and Contract for thirty years and have sat in games with several of these so-called experts. I know one of them to have been a bum, one a remittance man, and I've had "rubber checks" from another. Probably I lost money playing against them,

but I did it with my eyes open. I had been warned as a boy starting out to face the wicked world that, if anyone offered to bet me he could make the Jack of Spades jump out of a pack of cards and squirt water in my ear, it would be foolish to take the bet, that I would lose my money and get an earful of water.

Well, this is what happened one evening in the "experts' room" of the proprietary club. One of the experts was caught cheating. Yes sir, one of the nation's big champions he was, too. And what do you think followed? You'd be surprised! Not to keep you in further suspense, the other experts metaphorically slapped the cheater on the wrist and said: "Naughty, naughty. You can't play with us any more-besides too many know or will find out about your cheating. We'll have to give you some reprimand-you'll have to stay in the other room and play with the ladies. You play too rough for us."

And the cheater actually continued to play in this "club," but only with the girls—until the girls found out that he had been expelled from the "experts' room" for cheating. Then the girls protested. And were the faces of the experts red? They were not. Those

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thick-skinned "gentlemen" had forgotten how to blush many years ago.

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Racketeering in bridge began back in the old days of Auction when some of the boys realized that Auction would put the ancient game of Whist into the discard. The idea of bidding for the privilege of playing a hand introduced a need for some basis of card valuation, and several of the good Whist players wrote books on the bidding and play for the new game.

But it remained for the present day "experts" really to organize the racket, to employ press-agents and ghost-writers and to hippodrome tournaments. Contract gave them a new field and its popularity enriched it. It required new standards of bidding and developed new schools of thought.

The artificial bid is the basis of all systems and a system of bidding is a great aid in the game of Contract, providing it is not too complicated and becomes a matter of formula instead of thought. But the real difference between poor and excellent players does not lie in the system used. The difference is in card-playing ability and good judgment in card valuation. What

the beginner needs is one lesson to explain the system and many lessons on card playing. No system has yet been devised to replace card sense.

The experts themselves do not stick slavishly to their systemsthat would mark them as "wooden" players. They play their opponents as well as their cards; they display their brilliancy by varying from their systems, by making shrewder inferences or guesses than do their opponents. All of which provides a field for another series of "advanced" lessons to the pupils they have already taught that their system was rigid and infallible. And, after the "advanced" lessons have been absorbed, there is provided a "teacher's" course. For a special fee a customer may take the "teacher's" course and become a leader in his own home town.

The customers of the "system," from teachers down to the veriest dub at the game, visualize the Mastermind, "Two-Card Blotz" surrounded by his lieutenants and secretaries in a ceaseless session of study—except when he graces a master tournament by his appearance in person. The public does not see the fine hand of the clever press-agent and ghost-writer. It cannot know that if the "Blotz"

board of strategy ever meets at all, it meets to discuss how the devil it can eliminate a "Gump" team from the next tournament without committing murder. The more tournaments "Blotz" followers win, the greater the fame for the "Blotz" system.

There are golfers who think it clever to move a ball out of a bad lie, to talk while their opponents are putting, or to "get their goat" by calling attention to their bad shots. Needless to say, no gentleman is ever guilty of such tactics. But the spirit engendered by some of the so-called experts and tournament champions who poohpooh systems other than their own, who try to overawe and browbeat their opponents, and who believe in winning at any cost, is likely to encourage similar tactics in their followers and to break down the high standards of the game. Many club and home quarrels have started over the card table with: "Blotz says you should do this," and the retort: "Gump says you should do so." It was recently reported that a man attacked one of the "experts" in the lobby of a New York theatre, striking him over the head with a folded newspaper and shouting: "That for what your system's done for my family!"

"Provision is made for fair competition" reads a line in an announcement of a large tournament —one is led to wonder if former tournaments were crooked. On one such occasion, a "champion" threw a pack of cards in his partner's face.

No one objects to the teaching of Contract or to the invention and advertising of systems of bidding and play. And there is no occasion for adverse criticism of profit-making on teaching, lectures, books, or proprietary clubs. Everyone playing Contract should use some system of bidding and should be able to comprehend any other good system after a few minutes' explanation. But he should realize that the system does not make the card player efficient; the card player makes the system efficient—the system is merely a

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device, a convention, used to indicate how the best results may be obtained from the values held by himself and partner.

But the general public should not be misled by press-agent ballyhoo or the false claims of any system's sponsor and inventor. It is a common fault of humans to mistake a flash of limelight for a beacon and accolade from Heaven. and it is a characteristic of small minds to learn an ancient truth. forget its source, and then think this truth their own discovery. This is a charitable explanation of why some of these "leaders" and "champions" assume their importance and generally "tick" the way they do. There is, however, another truth which they should learn, to the effect that "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." -H. H. McClure

CHARACTER TEST

One of Cardinal Richelieu's ministers had a unique way of divining the character of those to whom he entrusted power. He hung on one side of a room pictures of violence, battle scenes and bloodshed. On the other side of the room he hung pictures of rural scenery

and quiet domestic peace. If the visitor lingered with the scenes of violence, the minister judged him a timid man of peace.

But if he reveled in rural scenes, he was then entrusted with an important position of military power.—Lee Barfield

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

LUCY ARMISTEAD GOLDTHWAITE

T TNTIL Lucy Armistead Goldthwaite began working for upto-date libraries for the blind, no one seemed to care that relatively few books were available, that most of these were pretty dull, and that they were printed in different touch-alphabets. Miss Goldthwaite felt that the handicapped might have even a greater than average need for light, entertaining reading, and she set about to remedy the existing literary anemia. As head of New York Public Library's system for the blind, she supervised a tiny basement library in St. Agnes Chapel. Today she has thousands of feet of shelves, hands out more than a halfmillion books yearly, has long waiting lists for Zane Grey, Van Dine and other breathless chroniclers. Blind readers' tastes differ little from that of others—they have been calling for Rebecca, Inside Europe, Northwest Passage. Cookbooks in Braille are in great demand. When Talking Books and the machines that play them were introduced in 1934, Miss Goldthwaite made a spirited effort to get for the sightless the titles they wanted. It takes twelve to fifteen records for an average novel. Distributed through libraries in key cities of the country and in Hawaii, the Talking Books are mailed to applicants. Miss Goldthwaite writes the only Braille book reviews in America. She thinks the best thing she has done is helping to install a standard touch-alphabet.



MAYLOR

LUCY ARMISTEAD GOLDTHWAITE

AUGUST, 1940



ALLEN PITTMAN

WHO GROWS A STRANGE VARIETY OF ANIMALS ON HIS FRONT LAWN

A FTER a sleet storm Allen Pittman's elephant strangely resembled a rearing Democratic donkey. "Mrs. Noah" suffered a broken back in an auto accident, F. D. Roosevelt, however, still calmly surveys the scene. Pittman, probably the only hobbyist working with the growing privet-hedge as his artistic medium, created these and forty-odd other figures on his wide front lawn in Atlanta. He has a

whole menagerie of animals, a train about to cross a long bridge, and a tea party complete with table, chairs and a waitress. In creating a privet figure, a wire frame is built and set in the ground. Privet is planted at the base of the frame, the branches trained through openings in the wire network. Pittman, a machinist, likes to advise others to go in for hedge sculpture, saying it's a hobby that grows on one.



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MARJORIE YOUNG

WHO RUSHED IN WHERE OTHER WOMEN HAVEN'T GAINED A FOOTHOLD

L USTY-VOICED baritones are fond of the ditty pleading that a man be given a horse he can ride, a pipe he can smoke, and a boat he can sail. Marjorie Young is doing all she can about the latter. Women have a hard time wangling their way into the profession of marine architecture but that doesn't prevent Miss Young from working as a full-fledged boat designer. Graduated from college in

1934, she worked for a few months in a Newport, R. I., library. Nearby waters are full of trim craft. She spent a summer as junior sailing master at a yacht club, then dropped anchor in the office of Starling W. Burgess, famous marine architect, as a secretary. It wasn't long, though, before Miss Young's talents proved her entitled to a drafting board. Her 25-foot cutter is being tried out this summer

THE SWEATTS

WHO MANAGE TO FIND JOBS FOR THE MOST PECULIAR OF TALENTS

THETHER your talents run to teaching, jiu jitsu, reading poetry or just sewing, Personal Service Bureau, a combination Dutch uncle and business agent, will market your energies without charge to you. The employer pays the fee. In their home on Boston's fashionable Beacon Street, Mr. and Mrs. Kelcey Ballou Sweatt (she is seen in the photograph at left) subtly draw out interviewees over tea or a cigarette. They feel that the informal atmosphere is conducive to better understanding. They admit to living in a fantasialand. Their first Bureau job was writing a convention speech, and they have gone on to supplying a deep-sea diver; a carbon copy of Elsa Maxwell to rejuvenate a once-famous hotel; an authentic prince for the party of a society matron; as well as selecting six Misses New England for the World's Fair. They have dissuaded a girl from suicide, denuded their own icebox to make up a hamper of food for a starving composer.



EDWUND HAWES

REG MANNING

WHO PUBLICIZES THE EMBARRASSING MOMENTS OF FAMOUS CITIZENS

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THE finesse with which Reg Manning ferrets out embarrassing facts about prominent Arizonians in his cartoon column has made it one of the best-loved newspaper features in the state. He dishes the dirt, complete with names, on the governor who delivered a speech on cattle ticks before dainty Junior Leaguers - because he picked up the wrong manuscript . . . the Senator (Ashhurst) whose wife accompanies him to barbershops to boss his shaves . . . the writer (Clarence Buddington Kelland) who went Western in a big way when he moved to Phoenix - but wore his spurs upside down ... the prominent lawyer who stood in a queue to get his auto license plates until he found it was a breadline. ... the austere judge who presides in stocking feet. His keyhole reporting is gossipy but always without a sting. He has a troop of spies as aides. In addition to all this, Manning is a political cartoonist syndicated over the nation and South America.



FLOYD GETSINGER



RAYMOND SCOTT

WHO IS NOTABLE FOR ECCENTRICITY AS WELL AS MUSICIANSHIP

"Music to be played on the air," said Raymond Scott, "would sound better if written specifically for the microphone." A perfectly simple idea—so simple no one had thought of it before. Scott, engineer, pianist and composer, went ahead and wrote for the mike—Powerhouse, Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals, Bumpy Weather over Newark. His screwball titles, his six-man quintet (he pre-

ferred the euphony of "quintet"), his absent-minded habits are part of his success. Main credit goes to painstaking musicianship — he composes with a recording machine and as many as twenty records might be made before a piece is satisfactory. None of it is ever written down. Scott shocked classicists with In an Eighteenth Century Drawing Room and other jazz interpretations of the masters.

IT'S TOUGH—BUT NOT TOO TOUGH— WHEN YOU CAN'T PUT ON YOUR OWN SOCKS, AND WHEN A FALL MEANS CATASTROPHE



THE AMATEUR CRIPPLE

The decision was sprung on me abruptly. The eminent surgeon advised a major operation, a serious consideration for a man in his sixties. In spite of my age, however, I had a pretty high opinion of life and wanted to get a lot more out of it before quitting.

"What is my expectation of life?" I asked.

He ran over my assets. Heart, lungs, kidneys, digestive outfit all sound; blood pressure that of a man in his twenties.

"Ten years normally. Presumably more."

"I can have a lot of fun in ten years."

"What kind?"

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"Golf. Fishing. Prowling around by land and sea."

"Not with that hip-joint condition. It's progressive."

"Will the operation help much?"

"Keep you on your feet probably. No guarantee."

"And the alternative?"

"Steel brace or crutches the rest of your life. Maybe both."

For a man in whom the zest of living and doing was still lively there was only one answer.

When I woke up I was in a plaster cast from chin to heel. Three steel shingle nails held my repaired joint permanently rigid. Surgically the operation was a complete success. There were, however, aspects of personal interest to me upon which I interrogated the surgeon. Was I going to be able to walk? After a time, he hoped. So did I! To drive a car? He did not reply. Golf? That could wait.

Invalidism did not appeal to me. I was sure I would make a very bad job of it. Yet everything seemed gently impelling me in that direction. My eight-weeks' career as a low-grade statue was followed by six more of solicitous watchfulness. Assiduous nurses performed the task of bathing, dressing, and watching over baby's first, faltering footsteps. I was living the life of Riley plus that of a queen bee. When they brought in a pair of crutches, it was with the cheering admonition that if I fell down I would probably be a picturesque ruin throughout my few remaining years.

I realized that I was softening. So did my astute physician. One day from my window I saw an amorphous mass of humanity in a wheeled chair, lolling a gross and dewlapped face.

"You're looking at the failure of a highly successful operation," remarked my doctor.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Hospitalization."

"What's that?"

"It's the condition a patient gets into from too much care and dependence, unless he has the guts to fight out of it."

"Did you have him wheeled past here on purpose?"

I think he lied when he denied it. By pure coincidence there came in the noon mail the announcement of the Dutch Treat Club annual show, a joyous and ribald performance which, as I knew, would gather together more of my old friends and associates than I could hope to find anywhere else short of the Great Hereafter. New York was three hundred miles distant and the show only two weeks off. I decided to go and started secret practice that evening while the nursing force, now reduced to one, was at dinner.

Crawling to my crutches, I retrieved my clothing and set myself to dress. Underclothes and shirt were comparatively easy, but the next step was something else again. Introducing a leg as rigid as a two-by-four scantling into the starboard side of a pair of trousers is more of a trick than one would suppose before trying it. My experiment at flinging the recalcitrant garment outward and making a hopeful thrust of the foot toward the inadequate aperture must have been repeated twentyfive times before I made a bull'seye.

Socks were beyond me. Shoes were enough for my present purpose. I got into them, crept downstairs, and when Nursie came back I was on the opposite side of the street, waving at her. Stout Cortez on his peak in Darien!

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"If you go you go alone," was

all my doctor said when I sprang the New York trip on him.

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So alone I went, and had the time of my life. At once I encountered one of the dangers to which the amateur cripple is exposed; he is likely to become spoiled and dependent. Everyone looks after you when you are unable to look after yourself. On my trip down, conductors, porters, and fellow passengers conspired to make things easy for me. In New York, Fifth Avenue cops halted traffic to escort me in state. Tough taxi drivers with shrieking brakes adjured me to "Take your time, Bud; no hurry." Once when I was having trouble with an unusually high step to a taxi, a stranger rushed out and boosted me in. He was the Acting Mayor of New York. I got a new slant on the instinctive helpfulness of the human race. Being treated like visiting royalty is heart-warming. It is also debilitating if one isn't careful about accepting it too readily.

Inability to bend over far enough to rub the calf of one's leg doesn't seem like a serious handicap. Nor is the necessity of climbing stairs by the hitch-and-kick method calculated to wreck one's career. Just the same it is disconcerting to discover how many ordinary daily acts become feats to be figured out with care and effort. One of the first things I learned is that the human toe is grossly overrated as an implement. After painful practice I did get some use out of mine for undressing purposes. But when it came to dressing they were no more use than an adenoid.

After my return from New York I was judged fit to be transferred from the town house of the hospitable friend who harbored me to my lakeside farm. There I was established and inferentially told to go ahead and see what I could do with life. But when I hinted at my car, waiting in the garage, the household united in the themesong, "There! There! These things take time." They also, I decided, take resolution. There came to my mind that fine, old, inspirational hymn, attributed, I believe, to the early Assyrian uplifter, St. Levy O'Halloran, and running as follows:

There was a young man who said "Why Can't I look in my ear with my eye?

If I set my mind to it

I'm sure I could do it.

You never can tell till you try."

There came a day when they incautiously left me alone. That was my chance. I pegged it hurriedly to the garage, wriggled into my car, and navigated eight cir-

cles around our alfalfa field. The next day I drove a mile up the hill to the farmhouse. Within a week I was the terror of the local highways, and now, thanks to a specially devised seat and brake, I can drive as competently as anybody and a darn sight more carefully than most!

What I regard as the final step in rehabilitation was my return to golf. At the Country Club, I had watched a one-legged player stump forth, drop his crutches, and start his round with a 180-yard drive. Subsequently I learned that he had turned in an 84. Now, if I had more legs than a centipede I never could hope to shoot under 90. But there seemed no reason, after watching a uniped make a success of it, why I, with at least half a leg more, shouldn't have a crack at it.

I can't say that I got much encouragement this time, from doctor or family. I began modestly with three holes on the flat, added two on the hill, and was presently completing the single round. The golf committee mentioned with regret a certain pock-marking of the putting greens as an effect of my advent, so I practiced hopping the short distances from edge to flag. Now I play eighteen holes three times a week with no greater

penalty than a pervasive stiffness. This, my surgeon told me after we had finished a match last summer, is exactly eighteen holes more than he expected me to manage, after hammering in those three shingle-nails.

One more handicap remains to be chronicled. As the amateur cripple faces his new adjustments he is likely to feel himself a nuisance in public places where he must continually be warning others against falling over his unmanageable leg, or apologizing to them when they do. The very fact of the tripper's pained embarrassment only makes it worse. I discovered that I was becoming thinskinned, self-conscious, reluctant to expose myself to these petty mischances, impelled more and more to keep out of the way. But at this phase, the misfortune of a friend saved me.

This man, somewhat younger than myself, underwent a dreadful but phenomenally successful throat operation which left him without vocal cords. He was forced to learn to speak through a pipe, an arduous and difficult process. As far as public contacts go he was far more conspicuous and immeasurably more handicapped than I. For months of association I profited by the courage, the pa-

tience, the calm self-reliance which enabled him successfully to resume his place in the world. It cured my growing case of minor inverted egoism.

Now, no matter how much of an annoyance my leg may be, I no longer feel it a social detriment. I take it practically everywhere!

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One must keep guard jealously over his self-sufficiency. It is so easy to slip back into dependence; so difficult to loosen that kindly bond once it becomes habit. Now that I am awake to the danger I try to hold to a principle. If I think that I can do a thing, I tackle It. If I think that I can't, I tackle it anyway. If I fail, as I often do, there is nothing lost except perhaps my temper. If I succeed even partly it is so much to the good. After all, there are very few enterprises at which you can't lose and have a chance to win.

I recall a petty but annoying mishap in a small town to which I had motored alone on an antiquing raid. I clumsily dropped a two-dollar bill on the sidewalk. (I have always heard that denomination ill-spoken of, anyway.) To pick it up where it lay was an engineering feat quite beyond my capacity. Of course any passer-by would have restored it to me, but

that was not what I wanted. I was just mad enough at myself for my stupidity to be obstinate about it. So I stood there, assuming a thoughtful expression and gazing at the not especially attractive environment until there was nobody near, when I unobtrusively kicked and scuffed the bill toward the curb. After several such furtive operations I got it within range of a hydrant, and was able, employing that useful device as a prop, to lean over and retrieve the errant greenback, much the worse for wear, but still legal tender.

For a time I could not rid my mind of the surgical warning that a fall might wreck me. In the region where I live "if winter comes" is no hypothesis but a harsh fact with plenty of snow, ice and treacherous footing. All right; what was I going to do about that? Stick indoors and be a hothouse lily, with spring still far behind? It didn't seem reasonable. I will admit that my first attempts under bad conditions were accompanied by the ghostlike apparition of my discarded plaster cast, floating before me, and speculations as to how firmly set were the three shinglenails. The test eliminated the fear. Though definitely less graceful than the swan, in slippery conditions, I manage. When a fall may mean catastrophe, one just doesn't fall.

To pretend that my life has not undergone certain limitations would be futile. But it is neither dwarfed nor thwarted. And amateur crippledom has taught me two things; first, that this is a most kindly and charitable world in its attitude toward the lame dog; second, that when one is up against adjustments, no matter how late in life, the thing to do is to go ahead.

You never can tell till you try.

—Anonymous

QUESTIONS FOR MEMORY TEST

(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 27.)

- 1. In the lot there are
 - (a) less than five cars
 - (b) five or six cars
 - (c) more than six cars
- 2. In the alley there is
 - (a) a dump truck
 - (b) a pushcart
 - (c) a delivery truck
- 3. The alley in the foreground is
 - (a) concrete
 - (b) brick
 - (c) cinders
- 4. The cars on the lot are parked
 - (a) bumper to bumper
 - (b) facing the building
 - (c) facing away from the building
- 5. Parked along the curb is
 - (a) one car
 - (b) a delivery truck
 - (c) two cars
- 6. At the junction of the alley

and the sidewalk there is

- (a) an urchin
- (b) a man
- (c) nobody
- 7. The truck in the picture
 - (a) is parked
 - (b) is being loaded
 - (c) there is no truck
- 8. On the sidewalk in the foreground there is
 - (a) a street light
 - (b) a sign, probably for parking

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- (c) nothing
- 9. Of the cars parked in the lot
 - (a) two are coupes
 - (b) one is an open car
 - (c) four are coupes
- 10. The sign on the building
 - (a) is several floors up
 - (b) at ground floor level
 - (c) there is no sign

For every hundred persons who follow the conventional pattern in applying for a position, there is one who figures out an original approach. And more often than not, he is the one who gets the job. The heroes, and heroine, of the following encounters made a game of job-getting, and successfully played the game to win.

THEY GOT THE JOB

SHE PUT down the want-ad section of the newspaper with a sigh. It was just the kind of a position she wanted -private secretary to the head of a small business. But she knew the advertisement would draw hundreds of replies, some of them from girls with considerably more experience than she had. What could she do to get in ahead of the others? How could she be sure of at least gaining an interview? Next morning, when the executive who had placed the advertisement arrived at his office, he found a telegram on his desk. It had been sent over from the newspaper-the first reply to his advertisement. It was from the girl. In it, she offered her services in sorting and answering the replies he was sure to receive. The telegram specifically stated that no compensation was expected. The executive promptly accepted her offer and put her to work—permanently, as it turned out. She was just the kind of secretary he wanted.



THE MANAGER of the new business department of an Eastern service organization had heard a great many men try to sell themselves. He thought he knew all the approaches. He was surprised, however, when one applicant, after giving a straightforward account of himself, picked up his hat and left. The next morning he received a note, thanking him for the

interview. In that same mail were other letters, some of them from men prominent in his own field, each one relating something interesting about the applicant. The manager's phone began to ring, bringing similar messages from other business men. During the next few days he received more letters, more phone calls, even a telegram from an out of town executive. The manager called the applicant back. "I'm sold," he confessed. "But where did you get that idea?" The applicant said: "I knew you'd want to check with others before you hired me, so I thought I'd save you the trouble. Those men could tell you more about me than I could-without making it seem to you that I was being boastful. I merely asked them if they would."



"You seem well informed about our organization," remarked the treasurer of a large publishing company. "You have the attitude that we like to seel and you appear to understand what we are trying to do here." The young man who was being interviewed for the position was pleased, but far from surprised. His understanding of "our way of doing things" had been no accident. At the library he had discovered a thick biography of the founder of the firm. Reading the volume carefully, he made notes of the things he wanted to remember. As a result, he knew more about the history

of the company and its policies than did many of its employees. And he used that knowledge in an intelligent way during his interview to clinch the job.



HIS APPEARANCE was against him, his personality colorless, and he spoke broken English. The district sales manager decided he attracted attention, but the wrong kind, and made short work of him by answering with an emphatic "No" everything the man said. But a few days later, the applicant returned. Once more he was disposed of as quickly and painlessly as possible. The following Monday, much to the irritation of the sales manager, the applicant was again waiting to see him. Later, the executive admitted he hired him merely to settle the argument. But the new man turned out to be one of the company's three best sales producers, possessing a tremendous capacity for hard work and the same unbeatable persistence which had landed him the job. Today, the sales manager enjoys explaining, "He turned every one of my objections into an argument in his favor. How can you say 'No' to a man like that?" -ALBERT FANCHER

Readers are invited to contribute to "They Got the Job." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. ti

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HE HATED TO DISCHARGE HIS SERVANTS, SO INSTEAD HE JUST GAVE HIS HOUSES AWAY TO THOSE WHO COULD MAKE USE OF THEM



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LEGACIES OF FORD MADOX FORD

He was a true literary man. He was always generous, particularly to young writers, often too generous. A thin trickle of talent became to him a flood. A talk with Ford would send a young writer floating away into feathery clouds. Publishers and editors would clamor for his work. When he awoke in the morning there would be a dozen of them camped on his doorstep.

Indeed, in Ford's imagination they did camp there. I once heard him tell a tale of such an incident. He had found a young writer. He had proclaimed him. "Now there are a dozen publishers after him. Only the other day he came home from a walk and there were three publishers waiting for him." Ford was telling the tale as a fact, and to him it was a fact. Later I saw the young writer and spoke

of it. A sickly smile came to his lips. "Anyway Ford wanted it. He wanted it so much that it became a fact to him," he said. At least he understood Ford, the depth and sincerity of his generosity.

Once, in the city of Paris, I met Ford at a party. It was before disease had begun to punish his poor body. He took my arm and led me into a corner.

"You are just the man I have been wanting to see." He began speaking of a house he had in the hills of Pennsylvania. There it was. He described the house, the view from a terrace at the front, the garden, the apple trees that grew on a near-by hillside. The house was beautifully furnished and there was a retinue of servants. The pity was that he had built the house, intending to go there to

work but had never been able to do so.

And what was a man to do? He could not bear the thought of discharging the servants and closing the house. And why should I not take the place, go there to live, Ford wanted to know. It would cost me nothing. The house had been built having in mind some writer who wanted to retire to some such quiet and secluded spot to work.

"Please," he said, "you take it. You go there. At least promise me that you will spend a summer there." His voice was rich with fervor. There was an eager light in his eyes.

Only those who knew Ford well will understand how sincere the offer was, how real and tangible the house had become to him. At the time I did not know Ford well. "He is a rich man who has houses scattered about the world," I thought.

During the course of that evening, Ford offered me two other houses, one in Florida and another in California. There were the servants waiting. "A man can't go about discharging servants. It upsets him too much, gets his mind off his work."

As I was nearly broke at the time, I took all of this with entire seriousness. Now I know that, in offering the houses, Ford was himself entirely serious. The houses existed for him. He was a man who lived in a splendid world, created in his own splendid imagination, and the world he had created was gloriously real to him.

-SHERWOOD ANDERSON

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 106-113

1. B	11. C	21. B	31. B	41. A
2. C	12. A	22. C	32. A	42. C
3. B	13. C	23. B	33. A	43. B
4. C	14. A	24. C	34. B	44. B
5. B	15. B	25. A	35. C	45. C
6. C	16. C	26. C	36. A	46. A
7. C	17. C	27. A	37. B	47. C
8. A	18. B	28. C	38. A	48. A
9. C	19. A	29. B	39. C	49. B
10. B	20. C	30. B	40. B	50. A

Every office has a file labeled "Miscellaneous," into which the unassimilable goes. In the office of the human race there is also such a file. Only it is labeled "Forgotten." Once more, as in previous issues, several items from that black file are herewith presented.

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

"Tell me," the Duc d'Orleans whispered, "tell me, my child—if it be true that you can see the future in this glass of water—how will the scene appear when King Louis dies?"

The timid, unlettered girl of eight gazed deeply into the ordinary drinking glass which the Duke held. Then slowly she began to speak.

With the minutest detail she described the King's bed chamber—which she had never seen. Face after face of those present were described. The clothes each wore were delineated, and their positions in the room.

"You see no other faces? Not even these . . ." The Duc d'Orleans then described the faces of Monsigneur, M. le duc de Bourgogne, Madame Bourgogne, and M. le duc de Berri.

"No," replied the child, "I do not see any of those faces."

Eight years later when Louis XIV died, the scene at his death bed was exactly as the child had described it. Those whom she said would not be present had all died before the King.

The girl was the daughter of a servant in the house of the Duc d'Orleans' mistress. The prophesying was done in a drawing room, and was considered more of a jest than anything else. But it was Time who turned out to be the jester.



GEOLOGY has absorbed the story of the giant, hairy mammoths which were found frozen in the eternal ice of Siberia. But even the most relentless scientist has been unable to explain how icy death came so swiftly to those great cumbersome beasts of the past.

Not only were the carcasses perfectly preserved, even to the hair and eyeballs, but undecomposed food was found in the stomachs and adhering to the teeth. Nearly 25,000 years ago the mammoths apparently finished a meal, and were frozen so suddenly that the food clinging to their teeth remained almost fresh.

Since the twelfth century, ivory from those frozen monsters has been a commercial item in Siberia. Many small islands are described as being almost entirely composed of mammoth bones. How many thousands of the creatures are still locked deep in the ice, no man knows.

What super blizzard, what almost instantaneous change in temperature, caught those beasts in its white grip? Or was there an Arctic paradise, a volcano-heated valley where they lived, and from which they were driven by some cataclysm of fire? Was there a burying ground of mammoths, as legend says there is of elephants?

Mammoth steaks 25,000 years old were once served at an élite Paris dinner. It seems to have been far easier to eat them than to concoct an explanation of that ice-locked mammoth cemetery.



Before psychologists from New York University, Dr. Franz J. Polgar of the University of Budapest, one time pupil of Sigmund Freud, obeyed mental commands. Without a word being spoken, he took off a man's vest and placed it on a girl. That was what the savants were concentrating on.

The scientists suspected trickery. They suspected subconscious whispering by those present. They suspected abnormal hearing on Dr. Polgar's part.

So the next experiment was conducted in a small room with only scientists present. One psychologist thought of a procedure. He told no one. In fact, he didn't open his mouth.

Dr. Polgar was brought in. At once he went to a microscope, and from the table beside it he took a folder, opened it, and removed a piece of paper. The psychologist said nothing. Five times Dr. Polgar repeated the same procedure. At last he said:

"I cannot get away from the folder."

The psychologist admitted that Dr. Polgar had performed just the procedure he had concentrated on, that he had remained silent in an attempt to confuse the alleged mind-reader.

Dr. Polgar said that during the last War he had been buried alive for three days, and that he had had aphasia and amnesia. After he recovered he found that he had acquired the ability to understand other people's thoughts.

The psychologists tried other tests. Dr. Polgar passed them. The scientists wouldn't believe. They couldn't explain. They forgot. The whole affair passed into oblivion in 1936.

-R. DE WITT MILLER

A NOTE ON THAT GREAT POET WHO FOUND HIMSELF "IN A DARK WOOD WHERE THE RIGHT WAY WAS LOST"



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THE DIVINE COMEDIAN

LL hope abandon ye who en-A ter here!" Thus read the device above the gateway to the Inferno in Dante's Commedia. A modern generation of readers. largely in haste for haste's sake and craving cinema action above all things, has placed that warning over the Divine Comedy itself and has awarded the great Italian poem a special niche among the classics to be admired but not read. That has been particularly unfortunate because the Divine Comedy is perhaps the finest piece of imaginative writing ever done and contains the essence of a way of life which more than forty generations had accepted as theirs.

Moreover, because it sings of truth and of justice, the only two commodities with which the markets of the world have not been glutted, the *Divine Comedy* belongs to every man. Besides, Dante, the author of this fifteen thousand line epic, is one of the little band of great spirits through whom mankind justifies its continued sufferance on this planet.

Dante was, by his own account, nine years old when he first saw Beatrice, the girl who was to become in his eyes the epitome of all that was saintly and virtuous. There are those who insist that she was not a real person at all, but an idealization that sprang fullblown from his highly imaginative mind. However, it seems more reasonable to believe that there was a physical inspiration for Beatrice and that she was Beatrice Portinari, a Florentine gentlewoman who was a neighbor of the Alighieris.

In his eighteenth year, as Dante later confessed, he again saw his Beatrice and in passing she greeted him. That event inspired him to the creation of those sonnets and canzoni which he later collected as Vita Nuova, or The New Life. For as a young gallant he was associating with other Florentine youths, all of whom, in the custom of the day, were writing verses and circulating them among their friends.

As a son of Florence, Dante served in its armies and was with the cavalry at the Battle of Campaldino and at the surrender of Caprona in 1289. On his return from the campaigns he entered the political arena in Florence. In the year 1300 the smoldering enmity between the rival Florentine factions burst into flame. Dante, who had been elected one of the six Priors of the city, was because of his office, involved in the thick of the controversy. Pope Boniface VIII championed the Black faction.

An embassy, headed by Dante, was selected to treat with Boniface and to persuade him not to humble Florence by force of arms. Two of the ambassadors were, however, dissuaded by Boniface and sent home. Dante was retained at Rome while Florence was plundered. The victors proscribed the leaders of the White

party. Charges were hurled at Dante, who could not appear in his own defense. Subsequently he was ordered forever banished on pain of death. Thus, as Dante later sang in the opening lines of the *Commedia*, he had "Midway the path of life that men pursue" found himself "in a darkling wood astray."

Dante, in his own words, became "a ship without sail and without rudder." He had no funds of his own, no family with him, no dear friends with whom to console himself. His only gift was his poetry, an art that has always been fed from the crumbs of the world's table. But he was preparing himself for a longer flight on Pegasus than mortal poet had ever taken.

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He was to write for the world and yet chiefly to clarify life and its mysteries for himself. He was to fire heavy guns of propaganda against the villains who used Church and State for their own purposes and also to point the way to righteous government and to truthful theology. The first cantos were not composed until 1314. From then on for seven years he added brick by brick until he had completed the poetic cathedral of his dreams. "Comedy," he called his work; the adjective "Divine" was not added until two centuries after his death. But "Comedy" did not mean either humor or drama; it meant a story in which the mood was altered from the grim to the beatific: from an Inferno, through Purgatory, and finally to Paradise.

For all that seethed within his brain Dante was no recluse and, from the little that is known of this period of his life, it is apparent that he wandered from court to court, no doubt still searching for the strong man who would punish his enemies and restore him to Florence. One can picture him, an ex-ambassador who had stood before kings and Pope, haranguing a company of nobles on the evils in Italy and then, returning to his lodgings, pouring out a sweet canto rich in images, elo-

quent in dialogue, sage in the

truths expressed. His faith in him-

self grew as he felt the muse tun-

ing his lyre and he wrote with the

awareness that he was creating a

great poem.

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When the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio* were finished, and copies of the manuscript had been distributed and had earned him wide appreciation, Dante found in Ravenna both a refuge and a teaching post that offered independent bread.

In comparative peace and sere-

nity he wrote his *Paradiso*, in which he ascended to Beatrice, ideal of his youth, symbol now of love of God. His outspokenness did bring a challenge from the unimaginatively pious folk; but he proved his orthodoxy and was not molested.

Slowly the last cantos of the Commedia were completed: "The glory of Him who moves the universe penetrates the whole . . ." To the medieval man Dante had proven that the world was a rational organism, in every aspect subject to divine logic, and to the world at large the finished Comedy was the greatest poem since Virgil's Aeneid.

Today men do not read the Divine Comedy to be inspired by its theology, to be moved by its prophecy, or to be corrected by its political exhortations. It is the song which transports the mind and the images which enkindle the imagination that bring back again and again all those who have once dipped into the immortal cantos. —Louis Steele

-Suggestions for further reading:

DANTE: THE MAN AND THE POET by Mary Bradford Whiting \$3.00

D. Appleton-Century Co., New York

DANTE VIVO a biography by G. Papini \$3.50

The Macmillan Co., New York

CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE

by G. W. Knight \$4.00 The Macmillan Co., Toronto Your guess Get out your copy is as good of the May Coronet,

if you will, and see what sort of an editor you are. We've just been doing the same thing with our own free, complimentary copy. A stock room boy has deposited on our desk a tabulated, calibrated, coordinated report based on questionnaires mailed to a Gallup cross-section of subscribers.

Which article do you think came in first? You're probably right about this one—it's Making America Safe for Sex, with a reader preference score of 93.1. We did pretty well here, too, since we can point to having scheduled this article as the opening piece in the book.

A close second is an entirely different type of article—Atlantic Tragedy of Errors, the moving account of the sinking of the Titanic. Its reader preference rating is 91.6. Right on the heels of this is not another article but one of the regular monthly features, the Gallery of Photographs, rated at 91.4. Then come Dictators Die Hard, 87.6; Forgotten Mysteries, 86.9; Mark Twain, Steamboat Pilot, 83.3; and What Confucius Did Say, 81.5.

In eighth place is the quiz, *The Front Page*, rated at 77.7, followed by the Portfolio of Personalities,

77.3; and Good Morning After, 76.7. That accounts for the first ten. Other articles and features follow until we get to the lowest rated article (30.1), which is—what do you think? Well, it's Haut Monde, that slightly confusing bit of dialogue between two wax manikins, may they rest in peace.

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Also near the bottom of the batting averages-in fact, next to last (37.6)—is the short story, Fox Trot. This is one rating, however, that we hate to take lying down. Written by a modern master of fiction, Fox Trot is an example of the artistic short story which few magazines ever run - evidently not totally without reason. We resent the fact - and we wish more of our readers would, toothat magazine audiences are being nourished on a forced diet of commercial short stories with their trite, slick plots, stock characters in sheep's clothing, and false-tolife "payoff" endings. Nobody has asked us to uphold the standards of American literature, but perhaps we ought to without being invited. That argument can be settled later. In every other respect we agree with the judgment of the readers, including those instances where the readers disagree with our judgment.

THE CORONET WORKSHOP

Inaugurated in the last issue, the Workshop is here continued on its regular page. Any interested readers who failed to participate in this program last month are invited to do so now.

The project under consideration, the same as that for last month, is outlined below. You are requested to serve as a reader-editor by carefully considering this question and then sending in your decision. When the final ballot has been cast, a complete tabulation of the results will be published here. The editorial policy of the magazine on Project No. 1 will be governed by the conclusion reached.

PROJECT #1

THE NEW CARTOON SPREAD

Still in doubt is the fate of *Swinging the Arts*, the new cartoon feature that appears on pages 114 and 115 in this issue. What is your opinion? Please give this matter a few moments' careful thought and, if you have not previously done so, send in your vote now on one of the following alternatives:

- a Retain the cartoon spread as it is
- b Increase the number of pages devoted to it
- e Drop the feature from the magazine
- d Change the nature of the material, as follows:
 - 1. Reprints of outstanding political cartoons
 - 2. Reprints of outstanding humorous and satirical newspaper cartoons
 - 3. A cartoon puzzle game
 - 4. Some other cartoon feature you can suggest

Please indicate your opinion, either in a letter or on a postcard, and mail to the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE WORKSHOP CONTEST

As announced in the last issue, three prizes will be awarded among those who, in addition to casting their vote, give the editors their reasons for so voting in a letter of 100 words or less. First prize: \$25; second prize: \$15; third prize: \$5. The right to publish any letters is reserved by Coronet. Contest closes midnight August 24th. You need not be a subscriber to participate. Address the Coronet Workshop.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Corone 199 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.